

Bad Ideas

\$2

WINTER
2005

#5

the
comics
issue!

plus
food,
politics,
music
and more



"Mañana, mañana, mañana"

Well, if you're reading this, it means that yet another Bad Ideas has been completed. I should have titled this "Tomorrow never comes" but seeing as it has, I can't. Josh-Redd Sanchez has left it to me to be him, so we're back to square one. I thought that we were on top of this whole thing, cuz we've had an entire year under our belts to get this right and put it out on time. I thought that since we could look back and review our mistakes, we'd be able to correct every one before it could have a chance to trip us up. Well, with the personnel shift and the fact that new mistakes still plague us, it's out on Bad Idea time - one month late.

Everybody's got fuckin' comic fever! At least everyone that turned stuff in. I was gonna make this intro a comic, but pissed off stick people are so 1993. I guess I should read Nate Higley's article.

We're still looking for columnists, so if you've got something to say, write it down and send it to us. Oh, and we're still fighting the stigma of the idea that this is produced expressly for the entertainment and ego of a handful of close friends (see Benter Brzezinskwell's Crossword Puzzle, i.e. What's a Cricket Piercing?). Allow me to expand on this topic briefly: The idea of this magazine is to, as stated beautifully by Jello Biafra, become the media. Simply not watching Fox News is not enough, we need to take a more active stance in the world. Don't be content to bitch on a bar stool about how the fucked up the media, corporations, the government and the world are. Fight back by voicing your opinion. No, this isn't ground-breaking, earth-shattering shit but, keep in mind that the Civil Rights Movement began with just 4 guys sitting at a lunch counter. Maybe the "Comic Issue" isn't the best place to start going off about this. Hi ho.

-Jef Porkins

BAD IDEAS #5

807 NORTH MAIN ST., ANN ARBOR, MI 48104

(734) 327-3783 THISBADIDEA@YAHOO.COM

(please do not EMAIL us about booking shows)

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STAFF

JEFF PORKINS
CHRISTINA LEE
MONICA SCHOLZ

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NEXT ISSUE APRIL '05

ADS DUE MARCH 1ST '05

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COVER

art JEREMY WHEELER

CONTRIBUTORS

NATE HIGLEY
JEFF PORKINS
JOSH-REDD SANCHEZ
SPENCER NUISANCE
GLENN SMITH
SEAN CARROLL
LANGEL S. INTERFERIO
MATT HANSEN
BOX
THERESA KIEFER
DUSTIN KRCATOVICH, ESQ.
JB
KEN SPRINGER
DAVE FROM THE TEETH
TY
BEN
BETH NAGALSKI
BEN TIDSWELL
PETER BRZEZINSKI
JEREMY WHEELER
SANTI HOLLEY
R.
RANDAL
CHUCK TOMBEAU
SHANNON KENNY
MONICA SCHOLZ

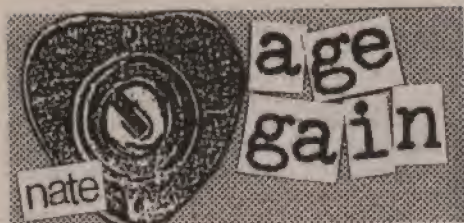
**SUBMISSIONS DUE
MARCH 1ST**

Bad Ideas is accepting submissions for Columns, Articles, Review Material, Comics and What not. **All submissions due before March 1st.** Mail a hard copy to our address or email them to thisbadidea@yahoo.com. Columnists, here's some tips so you don't piss off the 300+ lb. guy that formats the columns:

- * Make it a Word Document.
- * Don't try to shape it like a column. Just type it out and trust that it'll be formatted correctly.
- * Don't waste space between paragraphs. At the end of your paragraph, hit Enter once, hit Tab once (to indent) and resume typing.
- * Use the Times New Roman font, size 8.
- * To title a paragraph, put the title in **bold**.
- * Use spell check. Remember: a *witch* rides a broom, think of that when you decide *which* word to use.

DISCLAIMER: This is the part that usually reads: "The views and opinions expressed within this magazine are those of the contributors and do not necessarily reflect the views of Bad Ideas or the Bad Ideas staff as a whole." But, instead, I'll put it like this: Look, Bad Ideas is a collected work of upwards of 20 people. Everybody signs their name, so you know who's sayin' what. There you are. While we do have standards to uphold, these standards are fairly broad, so anything goes...within reason. For example, I think it is widely held that basing a persons worth on that person's gender or race is out of the bounds of reason, while the idea that George W. Bush is, himself, a terrorist is completely reasonable. Thank you & enjoy.

Columns



How many times do we have to talk about this???

Sometimes I sit around and dream about putting out records for all the bands I love to listen to. So I do what I can, when I can. It might only be a cd-r or cassette occasionally, but I feel like I've helped and that makes me feel good. Same thing with putting on shows. I love throwing shows, especially big (and hectic) ones. My shows usually have 5-8 bands squeezed into a few hours. I try to make it more than a show, something bigger. That's why I do the punk-rock-dance-party every year. The same reason I did the punk prom. I don't care if it's a basement or a bar. I always try to do all my shows as all-ages, if I can (which is most of the time). I enjoy putting up flyers and promoting the shows. I have a great time helping bands get stuff done. Be it putting out records, playing shows, hanging flyers, artwork, whatever. I like the feel of our music scene being a community (when I say "scene", I mean everyone who is involved locally, state-wide, where-ever). The thing is, all the time I hear people either bitching or talking about how to do things better or get stuff done. Stop talking and do it. I'm a lazy fuck who watches too many movies, chain smokes, likes to sleep in past noon (whenever I get the chance) and goof around with my comrade. I STILL DO IT. I don't want a pat on the back or a big wet smooch. You can thank me by putting on a show. Putting out a record. Doing a comic. Doing something. If you need help doing one of these things, get hold of me. I'd be glad to help you out. Band contacts, self-publishing tips, etc. okay, let's go make some shit. *I luv music!!!*

Here is contact info, now go book a show.

Chugga Chugga: chuggachuggacore@hotmail.com
www.livejournal.com/users/chugga-chugga

Spit for Athena: spitforathenainyourpants@yahoo.com

King Shit: kingshit@beroms.com

Death In Custody: deathincustody@hotmail.com

Smarties: www.detroitmarties.com

Bantha Fodder: miniivansarepunk@yahoo.com

Boxcutters: nascar_sucks@hotmail.com

Hairy Drain Babies: www.thchdb.com

Or find anyone of the band members at the Eight-Ball drinking.

Pussy Pirates: find Karen (check the fleetwood) and have them play, contact me if you can't find her.

New Crime Icons: e-mail me and I'll get their new info for you.

Human Wick Effect: www.humanwickeffect.com

Mike Boyd & the Genessee Ramblers: find Boyd at the Blind Pig doing sound.

The Teeth: find Dave w' the hdb's at the Eight-Ball.

Versificators: versificators@hotmail.com (While we don't play very many "booked" shows, it never hurts to ask)

Okay that's all I can remember at the moment, but if there is another band you want to get hold of, e-mail me and I might have their info. *Free shit!?!*

I'm putting together a free comp to be handed out at versificators shows. If you are in a

band from Michigan contact me about having a song on it.

Radio!!!

Jason Voss does the local music show on WCBN in Ann Arbor. Contact him to play on his show or send him a record so he can play it.

jason.adam.voss@gmail.com

Back Pains!!!!!!!

Okay, my back hurts and I need another tofu pup with extra mustard. So your mission is to learn something new this month. A new skill or info you never knew. Please learn something. I will. Then we can share what we learned.

As always,

luv,

Nate

miniivansarepunk@yahoo.com

p.s. I miss vyvyan...

BOX

Saturday March 2 1996

Scorpio McSatan's Kung-Fu Lounge
 Nadsat Nation, Patron Saints, The Fags

"Scorpio McSatan's Kung-Fu Lounge" was a basement rock venue located at 112 Chapin Street just off of Huron in Ann Arbor. Marc McFinn came up with the name. It has a sound that might conjure up some idea of a dark candle lit night club from hell where a surreal mythical figure named Scorpio McSatan will be your host for the night's festivities. In reality it was a dirt floor Michigan basement with some colored lights and spiders. Marc, Big Tony, and I lived there with three other people. It's also the place where we started the group Mazinga in November of 1995. All the shows were held in the basement which had a separate entrance. The plan was to keep people out of the upstairs as much as possible. That rule didn't last long.

For the first show Big Tony had made an awesome flyer. There were even color versions up in stores. Regardless of high hopes for the turn out we weren't prepared for the amount of people that came the first night. At first there was talk that not many folks would come out due to a heavy snow that started early in the evening. We should have known better. Marc had booked two of the most popular local punk bands at the time. Slated to headline that night was Nadsat Nation, a full on Oi/Punk band with Ben Mancel on guitar, Gabe Heis on sax, and Dave Sommers on guitar and vocals. All three would go on to become central figures in two awesome bands, The Elevations, and Rael Rean. Nadsat brought a lot of skinheads and rowdy punks out from all over the place to see them play. Opening the night we had The Fags. No, not the Fags that just got signed to Sire records, I'm talking about the group that was around in the mid nineties that was fronted by Carrie Smith on vocals and guitar with her sister Becky on bass and Jef Perkins on the drums. They hadn't been around for that long and had already established themselves as a great old school hardcore punk band in the local scene. They were like the young hot shit band and they played that part great.

To balance out all the punk rock we had a kick ass garage rock band play in the middle slot. Now when I say garage rock I ain't talking about the Strokes or any of that White Stripy bullshit. I mean the real deal nuggets style, fuzzed out Sonics kind o' shit. The band was the Patron Saints. They brought the fuzz rock out in full force. All three bands brought in a diverse mix of punkers and rockers that made up the audience. And boy, what a wild bunch of party goers, let me tell you!

Like I said before it was snowing and cold as hell, but it didn't stop anyone from braving the cold to pay \$3 to see an awesome rock show. Fred Thomas showed up early with a huge bag of donuts from his job. He offered it up as payment to get in because he was broke. I thought that was cool. Those would be nice in the morning during clean up.

So about 11:15 the Fags went on. Being the first band to play at the Kung Fu lounge they brought lots of fun youthful hardcore rocking exuberance to night. With a sound that was sloppy, fast, and tight in all the right places they swayed everyone to their view of the world for the twenty minutes or so it took to play their set. I highly advise you to go to Encore records and seek out their 7" (on Westside records) or their live 12". Part of their set from this very night is on their live record.

Up next were the Patron Saints. Lead by the fuzz guitar of Sir Kevin May and the guttural howl of Victor Scott on Vocals, they came on real strong. Unfortunately this is right about the time where the "basement show" turned into a full blown party. I was standing in front of the basement stairs trying to watch the band when water started pouring like rain out of the heat duct in the ceiling in front of me. I ran up stairs and found a bunch of skinheads in a huge donut fight in the kitchen. I had no time to attend to the donut fight and I made a mad dash to the ground floor bathroom and the source of the leaking where I found people trying to open the bathroom door. Apparently a large number of folks had used the toilet, and then the last person puked and clogged up the works. Somehow the door got locked and the water was overflowing from the toilet and into a heat vent in the floor. I managed to get the door open and put a halt to the flood. We closed off the bathroom and I went back down stairs. There was now a couple of mud puddles at the bottom of the basement steps. That meant that every time someone went up the stairs that they tracked mud into the kitchen. It was getting really messy. I mostly remember a lot of mu and donuts. There were people all over the house now.

Nadsat Nation eventually went on around 2:30 or so. The crowd loved them. We had at least a 75 people or so crammed into that little basement. Punkers were thrashing and breaking stuff. It got really out of hand when they smashed the heat ducts above the front of the stage. Some of the friendly donut throwing skinheads helped throw out the trouble makers. Nadsat rocked the whole time. They did a great cover of "City of the Dead" by the Clash. Good luck trying to find any recordings of theirs.

The rest of the night is a bad blur for me. I split up with my girlfriend of four years that night because she wasn't into the idea of me living in a place that had shows in the basement and crazy parties. I was really bummed out at the time, but I'm SO GLAD I'm not with that person now. She is the type of person who probably voted for Bush! I have no idea why I was with her for so long in the first place, and she is probably thinking the same thing.

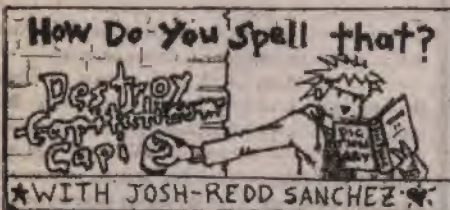
Columns

Besides I'm married to the coolest women ever now!

The next day I couldn't believe the mess. The Kitchen floor was covered in a fine coat of mud, donuts, beer and bottles, bottles everywhere. We ended up with something like \$70 in bottle returns. It was such a mess that there was talk in the house about not doing another show. We ended up having many more shows at the Kung Fu lounge over the course of the summer. We had a bunch of cool national bands come through and some great local bands. We need more house shows here in Ann Arbor.

Good times.

-Box



As promised, in this issue I will spend my time trying to explain exactly what the Bad Idea is and, consequently, what this zine is all about.

First let me explain why I'm writing about the house. See, I've been hearing some rumors from people who thought they might want to move in, but then changed their mind because of what they heard. And, well, this is ann arbor, so I'm guessing its gone a little farther than those few. So, just as rumor control and to clear things up, here we go.

PART ONE: getting a house.

About four years ago, as punks all over began to think about owning property, either by legalizing squats or fixing up old houses, or going in together as a collective to buy a house, I began to think that might be a cool idea. I mean, why pay rent to someone else if you don't have to? So, I started asking around, wondering if anyone else thought that we could buy a house in ann arbor. I found a bunch of people who liked the idea and about six who wanted to go in it with me. We had a lot of ideas for what we were going to do if we could somehow manage to make it work. I started looking around a researching how to go about buying a house and I realized that getting a mortgage was not nearly as hard as I thought and it wouldn't take too much to actually find a house that was affordable. I went back to the other folks and told them what I'd found out, but unfortunately, everyone else was having second thoughts and backed out. And I'll admit the idea of owing an absurd amount of money to some bank or loan agency is kinda intimidating, but what can you do. I decided to go ahead and see if I could do it on my own.

This created one big problem. It's really hard to start a collective with one person. I knew that if I managed to get a house I'd have to work hard to make sure it didn't become "josh's house" It's hard for anyone to claim something as their own if they don't really have anything at stake, and it's hard for someone who has a lot at stake to let go and give up control. I don't know, it's been a year and I'm not sure how it's going. But as I was saying...I decided to buy a house on my own. I enrolled in this Washtenaw Home Buyers class. It met once a week for six weeks, and basically laid down all the steps you'd have to go through in order to buy a house. It didn't help me much. For the most part, I got the short version from

every bank I went to later on when I was trying to get a loan, so I got the info anyway and the things that the bank didn't tell me were all kinda common sense as far as I go. Things like don't buy a house where you can't afford the payments, don't spend a lot of money when saving for a house, don't change your job before you get a house. Stuff like that. The next step was to find someone who would give me a loan. This was hard because I don't make a lot of money and I needed a pretty specific house. Big enough for a lot of people, near downtown, capable of putting shows on or at least to have a band practice. I was making a bit more than twenty thousand dollars a year teaching kindergarten full time. Most people who give mortgage loans don't give loans that are more than half or forty percent of your income. They figure that you'll need the other 50%-60% to spend on food and clothes and movies. Even if you tell them that you steal and dumpster almost everything you need, they are not flexible. Now, the average price for house in ann arbor is around \$250,000. The first bank I went to gave me \$43,000 loan. Gee, thanks. The next one offered me a \$63,000 loan. Now if I was buying a condo or a house way out side of ann arbor I could have used those, but this was supposed to be more than a place to live, it was supposed to be a place to get things done. So I went to the internet. Lending tree.com, I'd seen the ads and tried it out. I found four places that would look closer at giving me a loan. Three of them dropped me right away, but one said she could do it. She could give me loan up to \$234,000. Now I had to find a house. I went to the first realtor I found and told him what I was looking for. A realtor is someone who acts as kind of go-between for you and the owners of the house you want to buy. They are also privy to information on what the market looks like and info on finding houses. You don't need a realtor, but the owner of the house you're buying pays your realtor so it doesn't cost you anything and they make sure that all the inspectors and legal what-not gets done, and unless you know about all that kinda stuff, I would really get a realtor. My first one was a jackass. He kept on showing me apartments and shitty little houses far away that I didn't want. Then he stopped calling me and I had to call him and eventually I decided to screw it and get a new one. That's when I found Ed. He was exactly the opposite of my first realtor, he was like, "it's really going to be hard to find a house that fits your description, but I can do it." So with him it was cool, he called me every day or so to let me know if anything new showed up, or if any thing got sold. At one point, he did some extra research to find that a house I was interested in was infested with termites and saved me the huge mistake of buying a messed up house. Having a good realtor is really important. He could have let me buy at that infested house and he would've gotten paid more than he did with the house I did buy, but he didn't, cuz he rules. If your looking for a house make sure you like your realtor, cuz if he sucks you could get in a really bad situation and I'm sure there's a lot of goods ones out there. Look around. My next problem was that the loan lady backed out when she double checked my earnings, so I had to find someone to give me a loan again. But the cool thing (and kinda annoying) was since I had filled out the Lending Tree.com form over the internet, all these loan companies got a hold of my e-mail and started sending me advertisements, so I replied to a few of those, listing my income and how much I'd like to have a loan for. I don't remember the name of the one I filled out, but within a few days I

got a call from Bill who worked for Allied Mortgage a loan agency in Livonia. Now, Allied didn't give loans, but they had a loan lenders data base and what they do is take down your information and feed it to the data base and find someone who would give you a loan. Bill drove down to ann arbor and met with me, then called me a few days latter saying he'd found a few places that would loan me the money I needed to buy a house. Now, I'm not sure what kinda sketchy stuff was going on, but basically this is what Bill did. I had a set price I wanted my payments to be. I told Bill I didn't want to pay any more than \$1,500 a month. Because I was looking for a house that could fit five people and \$300 a piece was pretty reasonable. So Bill did this thing called a "Stated Income," meaning he basically found out how much money I should make to get the loan I wanted and he did some legal shuffling so that on paper I made that much. Or something like that. Basically, he made it so I could get a loan, as if I made more than twice what I really made. But the only reason he could do that was because I had good credit. Really good credit. Which I guess I should explain. There are three companies that keep track of everyone "credit score". You get credit by paying bills and you lose credit by not paying bills or paying them late. This is some of the only useful information that I learned in the Home Buyers class. Rent doesn't count towards credit, utility bills don't count (unless they hire a collection agency to get money from you). Traffic tickets count, credit cards count, and some other stuff. I had good credit because my parent had put credit cards in my mane and paid them on time, and I'd always paid parking tickets (eventually) but lateness didn't matter. I'd also gotten one credit card by my self. Which is the best way to get credit. I got a Home Depot card. I bought a generator then paid for it a week latter and it boosted my credit. It's really easy if you have any amount of self control. Someone will give you a credit card if you look for one on the internet. Get one, spend twenty dollars with it then send your payment that day, cut your card up and cancel your account. That will give you perfect credit because you paid on time and never had a late payment for the entire time you were with that company. If you do this a few times with different companies your credit score will be rocking. And that makes it easy to get a loan. If you have a near perfect credit score loan companies don't even care how much you make, because they figure anyone with a perfect score never buys something they can't afford. Mine was pretty good, but it only had a few things on it that made some companies nervous, which is why you need to have good payments with several companies. Personally I think credit cards are stupid, and would never have one, except in this case it helps out a lot and I only have to use it once. So I had a realtor I could trust, a loan agent that was finding me a loan, and a good amount of money to put towards a down payment. A down payment is a chunk of money you throw down right away before you start paying your monthly payments. The amount is based on a percentage of how much the house costs. 5%, 10%, 20% are about the normal amounts that you have to pay for a down payment. Sometimes you can find a loan for 0% so that you don't have to put down any money, but in my case since technically I couldn't afford the loan I was getting I couldn't do that. The higher percent you put down means the less you have to pay back and the lower your monthly payments, but you get what you can afford. I'd been living in a ware house for two years and not watching movies or

Columns

buying records so I had about \$20,000 saved up, but because of legal cost and inspection costs and a bunch of other costs I couldn't get a 20% loan. I had to go with a 10% or 15% loan, I can't remember. So now I had to find the perfect house, which sucked, cuz it was hard to find a house near downtown, which could have a show space and be big enough for five people and was in my price range. But Ed and Bill were patient and after I found one that was infested and another that got sold really quick before I could make an offer, I found the Bad Idea. The Bad Idea wasn't perfect, but it was close. I saw the For Sale sign but Ed couldn't find it in his listing so we assumed it had been sold already. But I drove by it every day on my way home from work and the sign wasn't coming down. So one day I pulled up and called the number. It was still for sale but was being sold as a commercial space, which is why it didn't show up, when Ed looked for it under residential. There was this whole three month, stress filled, insane time trying to get that house. I'm not going to go into huge detail, but basically, the house was double zoned, for both commercial and residential use. That scared one of the loan companies that Bill found away and then he had a hard time finding another one and then Ed yelled at him cuz it was taking so long and then Bill hurried up and found a new one, and then it was assessed at a lower price than it was being sold for so I had to come up with more money than I had really quickly and pay an extra \$2,000 dollars and it got delayed cuz they wanted to make sure I wasn't getting a residential loan for a building I would use for a commercial space and I had to get things signed by city hall and it was crazy. But in the end I got the house for \$188,000. 8,000 more than what they were asking for but it fit my price range. I borrowed some money from my dad and put down a \$21,000 down payment and about \$5,000 dollars worth of other payments. I'd never stepped into the world of property ownership. One cool thing I guess I should say is that way back, the other six people and I looked at the Bad Idea. At that point it was way over our price range. Two years later it was still on the market because it looked crappy, but structure wise, was in really good shape. It had actually been sold once, but the buyer backed out at the last second. So somehow, the almost perfect house waited for me to get enough money and two years later, the first house I had looked at was in my name. I know this all sound totally complicated, and it is, but it's not really that hard. It's just a lot of steps to go through. If I was to put it on a difficulty scale, I've told people that; buying a house is harder than putting on a show, but easier than putting out a compilation record.

PART TWO: starting a collective.

So here's the part where the rumors start. I bought this house. It's in my name. But that's not the way I wanted to do it. I wanted this house to be in a group of peoples names. So it could be "our" house. The group was not willing to take the risk of being really, really in debt, so I did it by myself. I used the Trumbull Plex in Detroit (an anarchist collective that owns three houses) as the main example of what I was trying to do - set up a permanent place where things can happen. There's so much you can do, if you remove the whole fear of getting evicted or having the house you live in sold out from under you. If you own the house, it makes you much more permanent and relevant to your community. I've watched Trumbull over the years and it's really an amazing thing. Of course sometimes they have problems, as any group of people will, but sometimes they

work beautifully together. Trumbull is a pretty amazing example of the anarchist community in action. That's what I wanted, but in an arbor. I've noticed, in Trumbull and in my other living situations, that things run smoother when the group is working toward a common goal. Whether it's getting ready to throw a party or going to a protest, things seem to run better when everyone works together. So before I bought a house I wondered what kinda goal we could work toward. Politics were good, but limiting in some degrees. Start a band, start a record label, or a clothing line. Or a zine. Like this one. I figured a zine would be the easiest thing to run out of a house. Even if you don't write, you can still edit, draw, make copies, review records or sell ads. There's so many ways that you could plug into a zine at different angles, so I decided that that would be how my house would start. We would put out a zine together. Now some people have told me that that's completely stupid. Actually they didn't tell me that to my face, but they told someone else and I found out. They say that that's dumb and if you pay rent to live some where then why should they also help with "my" zine. Well that's the point; it's not "my" zine. Ok I started it, but I don't pay for it alone. I don't make all the decisions I don't have any more say than any one else. Because I didn't start a zine for myself. I also didn't buy a house for myself. If I wanted to I could charge another hundred dollars or more for rent. And in this town, I would get it. I could take that extra money and not work anymore. I could be a landlord if I wanted too. I could make a profit out of owning a house, but I don't. Instead, I pay the same amount of money that every one else does. I get the same amount of say in what happens in the house as everyone else. I have the same responsibilities. And if I ever have to sell the house, the money I make is going to be split up between the people who put money into the house, percentage wise. My mom thinks I'm nuts. She thinks I should make money off of my roommates. Personally, I don't believe in private property, I don't believe in landlords. Yet technically I'm both. I'm just trying not to act like it. Not that I'm totally mister super equality. There are things that aren't completely equal. I felt like I worked pretty hard to get this place, so gave myself certain things. I got first dibs on a room, and it's the biggest. I also, as the founding member of the bad idea, made two rules that were unchangeable, no matter what anyone else said. One was no non-smoking rules, because I love smoking. And the other was no TVs in the house because I hate TVs. But that unchangeable rule about TVs got changed any way. I was outvoted so I guess we only have one unchangeable rule now. But that ones staying. The other semi rules are as follows. You help with the zine. You pay a split of the bills even if you don't use them often, like the phone, because as a collective, "we" use all the utilities for shows or magazine stuff. You help pay for the zine if it doesn't pay for itself. And that's about it. The whole idea is to be set up sorta like a business. If we ever make money, it goes back to us, and if not we have to figure out what to do. I'm not sure what some people's problem is, or what's so hard to understand. The reason I bought a house was to have a place to get things done, not to have a place where a bunch of people live and do their own stuff, or do nothing. We started as a zine, but whether or not we continue with the zine is up to the people who live here. If we decide to ever change focus well then we can but as long as we, as a house, are doing something to contribute to the community then we will still

be living up to the mission of the house. This house is not a crash pad for anyone looking for a cheap place to sleep and keep their stuff. I mean, it is, but it's also supposed to be more than that. I didn't go through all that crazy stuff to buy an over priced house so I could just hang out and get rent from tenants. We could all find a place to do that somewhere in this town if we wanted too, but that's not the point of the Bad Idea. Is that really that crazy? Really, I'd like to know, because it seems like it should work. It seems like a good idea but I've never done anything like this. So whether or not it succeeds, it anyone's guess. All I know is that I hope it does. But I might be going at it all wrong.

PART THREE: getting it to work.

I bought the bad idea September 15th of 2003. As I write this it's mid December of 2004, so we've been at it for a little over a year now, and it's been exactly a year since the first issue of Bad Ideas came out. It's been kinda rough, but we're still standing. One of the main problems is that in all legality it's my house. If all else fails I'm the one who has to take responsibility for what ever went wrong. I have to pay the rent if other people don't. If everyone moves out I'm stuck paying taxes, and insurance, and the bills. So it's already lopsided and far as risks go. Plus it's just natural for people to not take responsibility for something that's not theirs. I don't know how to remedy this. I try to let go of as much control as I can, but boy is that hard sometimes, at least for me. What I would like to see happen is for the people who live here to get the cash together and buy the house as a group from me. But it will take at least \$20,000 to do that, and I don't know where that money is gonna come from. We have some money saved up as a house, but it's not much. It would be more except we had to use a lot of our savings to pay rent on extra rooms that some ex-collective members moved out of. And some of them still owe us back rent that we're not sure we're ever going to see. See, that's an example of one of the hardest parts of doing this. For this to work right, I have to trust that the people who move in here are sincere about wanting to live here. I don't ask that people sign a lease, but I ask that they not move out until their space gets filled. I don't charge extra for late rent, but I ask that people pay it reasonably, sorta on timeish. I don't go to court when people move out owing us huge amounts of rent, but I do ask that they pay it back. So far that hasn't worked out so well for me, and the rest of the collective members that actually do all those things. I could start making thing legal and being a hard ass, but then I would be leaning more toward the landlord thing and if I have to do that. What's the point of the Bad Idea at all? The magazine has been running pretty well. And if we can just get a few more ads we'd be doing great. Sure there have been issues where the work isn't distributed evenly, where people weren't pulling as much weight as others, but for the most part every one done some work on it. The magazine is also easier because you don't have to live at the house to work on it and, we get help from all kinds of people, especially Jef Porkins. That's cool because if the house ever really falls apart, it's not an unreasonable hope that the magazine could continue even if the house doesn't. But I hope it does. This is the thing, this wasn't all my idea but I'm the one who went ahead with it. I really love ann arbor, and I really wanted there to be some space that was permanent. Where things can happen and aren't at risk of being destroyed because the YMCA wants a new building. It's just a little house, it's not much,

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but it is something. And I think it's important. I hope that I can move away if I want to and the Bad Idea will still be here. At least that's the idea. People have told me it's an unrealistic plan, that it wasn't going to work and that it was a bad idea. That's where I got the name. That and being \$167,000 in debt just sounds like a bad idea. I don't know if it will work. I do know that I have to trust people to follow through with what they say they're gonna do. Like paying rent and doing work on the zine. People have to trust me to follow through with what I'm saying I'll do, like not selling the house from under them and making a huge profit even though they helped pay the mortgage. It's a trust thing. It's a social experiment. It's a positive thing to have in an arbor. Or it may actually be a bad idea. But I don't think so. So if there are any rich benefactors out there who want to pay off the house for us or at least loan us the money at a percentage rate smaller than 10% that would be really cool. And boy would that be a load off my shoulders.

p.s. I think we need a roommate or two, if you're interested call the house. The numbers on the front inside cover, or you can e-mail me as always at reddjosh@hotmail.com. Or send real mail to me c/o Bad Ideas, but I won't be back in town for a few months so who knows if I'll get back to you.

Here's some info on the people who helped me get my house. They are both busy as hell so don't call them unless you're really serious about trying to buy property. And they don't really like each other. Ed is great, and so is Bill but you only really need to talk to Bills company.

At Reinhart Reality;
Ed Ridha,
2452 Stadium,
Ann Arbor, Mi., 48104
(734) 971-6070

Allied Mortgage Capital Corp.
Bill Tomey
31153 Plymouth Rd sut. 102
Livonia, Mi. 48150
(734) 266-9190



It's funny and difficult to think that when you're writing an article or a column or whatever you have to be an authority on something. I don't really consider myself an authority on anything I can learn anything I can learn how to make anything I make things go... and what that means depends on what needs to be done. What I know is that most of us don't know much and I'm ok with that. I know that there are moments of brilliance in my life maybe even moments of brilliance everyday. Some of which I choose to take notice of and others that I can't even see. I'm writing now in the aftermath of one of those moments of brilliance. Yesterday was a friend's birthday and birthdays are the only holidays I believe in. He wanted to play a show. He wanted two of us to

play a show with him. And so it was. I live in a house full of men, a couple sound guys, a bouncer, a glass blower or two, a kung fu master/food assembler, and of course that guy who you can't really be sure what it is he does. One morning one of my sound guys comes home or wakes up (I can't be sure which) to myself and company in a particularly drunken state. We mention this show idea to him, forget about it and go on with our lives. A few days pass and I get a telephone call from him about making flyers for a show that I had forgotten I was booked to play. He had arranged to get a p.a. system and was willing to run the board for the event. None of us are strangers to house shows so it went as most of them do. Our usual unclean cluttered house was transformed into a show space, throw the dining room table in the foyer, sweep the floor. Put a sign on the front door that reads "only cops knock" make it empty. Thirty plus people with beers in their hands crammed themselves into our living room without any flyers actually being made. They sat quietly and listened to all 3 of us sing. First Tonya the one with an angel's voice that loves to sing but hates microphones and somehow manages to make songs you hate sound beautiful. Then me with my loud guitar and this handful of songs I wrote that have these clever moments but aren't really gentle as a rule. Then Joe D armed with his barrage of mountain goats cover songs, because he is no less than obsessed. (And those songs are sad, smart but sad.)

Ok no big deal in the big scheme of things, but this accidental show is just a small reminder of the people I choose to know. People that listen to your crazy half thought out ideas add a detail or two and then something comes of nothing. Even when you didn't ask for anything. I don't mean to be sentimental I'm no hippie. I just forget sometimes that things can happen and they can happen without incident. By no means does any of this restore my faith in humanity nor does it shine as a beacon of hope for any greater good really. Maybe my writing this is purely selfish. Like I said I'm no authority on anything. All I know is that Joe D had a good birthday and I got to remember that things can happen in winter.



A Declaration

WHEREAS, the results of the 2004 presidential election have shown that the majority of the American People support a deceitful and corrupt administration.

WHEREAS, in one of the largest voter turnouts in American history, George Walker Bush was elected to serve another term.

WHEREAS four years of protests, public outcries, and worldwide objection has done absolutely nothing to change any situation.

WHEREAS, it is now irrefutably obvious and visible where and how America's priorities stand, and how the majority's opinion in this country do not, nor have they ever, coincided with the radical left.

WHEREAS, liberals, radicals, and estranged Americans are left with nothing to protest,

aside from their own neighbor.

I do hereby disassociate myself from all political movements, actions, and idealism. The American People, when given their voice in a democratic system, have chosen George W. Bush to be their commander-in-chief for eight years.

The protest movement has become a parody of itself when it is of the opinion that it represents the majority of American sentiment. Henceforth, demonstrations and acts of civil disobedience will be viewed as nothing more than a small minority's disagreement with the ideology of the general population.

Furthermore, every human being is believed to be an intelligent individual, with access to the same information and an understanding of their own responsibility and worth in the society in which they live.

To conclude, America deserves the Hell it votes itself into.

-Santi Elijah Holley
santiholley@yahoo.com

THERESA KIEFER

I was raised in one of those WACKO right-wing Christian homes, in northern Michigan. I am well aware of the ignorance and intolerance that is going to dictate our laws over the next 4 years, most likely longer. My step-dad, who is a staunch liberal, recently attended church with my mother. During my childhood, she was actually the one who dragged our family to a church where they spoke in tongues and taught of "The Rapture" as if it was coming next week. Ron (my step-dad) told me about a particularly spirited sermon right after the election.

Apparently, the pastor discussed the passages Judges 19:14-29, where an unnamed Levite visited the town of Gibeah in the tribe of Benjamin, with his slaves and a concubine. He met an old farmer and was made welcome. A gang of men appeared and demanded that the old man send out the Levite that they might homosexually rape, or assault him, or find out whether he was a threat to the town. The old man argued that they should not abuse the visitor. He offered to give them both the Levite's concubine and his own virgin daughter to be heterosexually raped. The mob accepted the former, and serially raped her all night. She was able to make it back to the house, where she collapsed at the front door and died. The Levite had not bothered to check on her during the night; he only found her, dead, when he resumed his trip. He sliced up her body into 12 pieces and sent one to each of the tribes of Israel. This triggered a civil war between the tribe of Benjamin, and an army of 400,000 soldiers, drawn from the remaining 11 tribes. (Judges 20). Tens of thousands died during the fighting. Apparently all of the Benjamin towns were burned and their women systematically exterminated during the battles. Yes, this is something right out of The Old Testament.

After using this passage as an example of the "sins" of homosexuality, the pastor proclaimed that it was a sign from "God" that 11 states voted down gay marriage. Hence, these 11 tribes that triggered a civil war were a reflection of the 11 states

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that voted against gay marriage, starting our own war on the gay community. There was no mention that the "visitor" owned slaves and held a concubine that he threw out, intentionally, on the streets to be raped and murdered. There is a moral-of-the-story here, but sadly enough, violence against woman and oppression through slavery is NOT it. While a death occurred through a heterosexual rape, unfortunately, this biblical verse was used to further a right-wing agenda that only teaches hatred and intolerance toward a group of people who deserve to be acknowledged and given the basic civil rights that they deserve.

I got on the internet to check out reviews on "Alexander" earlier this evening because I do want to catch the film. I'm a history buff and I adore this "tragic hero". I have not seen it, though I am familiar with the life of Alexander the Great. Supposedly the film is too choppy and the cast is awful, but people seem too focused on the fact that Alexander was bi-sexual. I was overwhelmed with reviews that trashed the film, calling it "gay porn" because there were open-mouthed kissing scenes between men. Is it so hard for American's to accept that one of history's military geniuses was a bi-sexual man? People are growing openly hostile toward Oliver Stone for his portrayal of this military icon. If anything, Stone dumbs down the extent of Alexander's sexual affairs in the film, from what I understand. One review states "The gay community is still trying to force their way of life down decent people's throat, this film is proff of it. I've never seen so much gay crap in my life, it was disgusting. It's obvious to me that Hollywood has no morals, and should be destroyed, just like Sodom was." This person's lack of spelling and grammar is a reflection of his ignorance.

We are regressing as a society. Hate crimes are going to rise once again and we need to be aware of the public alienation of homosexuals in our community. Let's face it; we live in La-La Land. Washtenaw County is one of the most liberal areas in the Midwest and for the most part, we accept the gay community with open arms. But the Republicans are creeping into Ann Arbor. I live in Ypsilanti and not that long ago the former Dominos Pizza CEO, Tom Monaghan, got an anti-gay initiative on the ballot in November of 2002 in Ypsilanti, MI and he didn't even live here. The entire cost of this initiative, paid for by Monaghan was \$6589.69, according to campaign documents. The organization 'Ypsilanti Citizens Voting Yes for Equal Rights Not Special Rights' was funded entirely by Monaghan and one other person, neither of which resides in Ypsilanti, according to their campaign finance statements for 2001. Monaghan "contributed" \$6589.69, and the other donation of only \$19 was from a woman by the name of Judy Bloss, to open a post office box for the group. To think that an outsider could endanger the Ypsilanti gay community is incredibly distressing. The influence of this man was knocked out by the overwhelming majority that voted his initiative down, thankfully.

We need to look out for one another. While Washtenaw County continues to respect gay rights, the state of Michigan overwhelmingly voted for YES on proposal 2. The homophobes who live in this state will continue to bully the gay community, and the actions of Tom Monaghan are just an example of outside forces trying to sway public opinion.

Here's a satirical letter to President Bush that puts everything in perspective.

Dear President Bush,

Thank you for doing so much to educate people regarding God's Law. I have learned a great deal from you and understand why you would propose and support a constitutional amendment banning same sex marriage.

As you said "in the eyes of God marriage is based between a man a woman." I try to share that knowledge with as many people as I can. When someone tries to defend the homosexual lifestyle, for example, I simply remind them that Leviticus 18:22 clearly states it to be an abomination... End of debate.

I do need some advice from you, however, regarding some other elements of God's Laws and how to follow them.

- 1) Leviticus 25:44 states that I may possess slaves, both male and female, provided they are purchased from neighboring nations. A friend of mine claims that this applies to Mexicans, but not Canadians. Can you clarify? Why can't I own Canadians?
- 2) I would like to sell my daughter into slavery, as sanctioned in Exodus 21:7. In this day and age, what do you think would be a fair price for her?
- 3) I know that I am allowed no contact with a woman while she is in her period of menstrual uncleanness - Lev.15: 19-24. The problem is, how do I tell? I have tried asking, but most women take offense.
- 4) When I burn a bull on the altar as a sacrifice, I know it creates a pleasing odor for the Lord - Lev.1:9. The problem is my neighbors. They claim the odor is not pleasing to them. Should I smite them?
- 5) I have a neighbor who insists on working on the Sabbath. Exodus 35:2, clearly states he should be put to death. Am I morally obligated to kill him myself, or should I ask the police to do it?
- 6) A friend of mine feels that even though eating shellfish is an abomination - Lev. 11:10, it is a lesser abomination than homosexuality. I don't agree. Can you settle this? Are there 'degrees' of abomination? Oh, sorry. Is there degrees ...
- 7) Lev.21:20 states that I may not approach the altar of God if I have a defect in my sight. I have to admit that I wear reading glasses. Does my vision have to be 20/20, or is there some wiggle-room here?
- 8) Most of my male friends get their hair trimmed, including the hair around their temples, even though this is expressly forbidden by Lev.19:27. How should they die?
- 9) I know from Lev. 11:6-8 that touching the skin of a dead pig makes me unclean, but may I still play football if I wear gloves?
- 10) My uncle has a farm. He violates Lev.19:19 by planting two different crops in the same field, as does his wife by wearing garments made of two different kinds of thread (cotton/polyester blend). He also tends to curse and blaspheme a lot. Is it really necessary that we go to all the trouble of getting the whole town together to stone them? Lev.24:10-16. Couldn't we just burn them to death at a private family affair, like we do with people who sleep with their in-laws? (Lev. 20:14)

I know you have studied these things extensively and thus enjoy considerable expertise in such matters, so I am confident you can help. Thank you again for reminding us that God's word is eternal and unchanging.

In all fairness, I need to take a moment to explain something. The bible has two parts to it, The Old Testament and The New Testament. The Christian religion is based on the teachings of Jesus Christ, who turned his back on The Old Testament. That's why he was ultimately crucified. He embraced lepers, prostitutes...he taught mankind to "love your enemy," to forgive one another and to accept each other no matter what. Christ was a sincere pacifist and would condemn this war. I don't know if I believe that he's the son of god, but his Dogma was righteous, for the most part. Much like the Taliban "hijacked" the Muslim religion, the right wing conservatives are also exploiting the Christian religion in order to control American politics and to justify an immoral war. Yes, I just compared the right wing agenda to the Taliban. Osama Bin Laden and George W. Bush are not that different.

GLENDA

Adolescent Scenester

Many people in Ann Arbor told me about how great the music scene is in Seattle, including Eddie from my old band Porkfist. They weren't lying; Seattle's rock scene is big and bad. Shows are easy to catch around here, due in large part to a local newspaper called The Stranger. Dan Savage, writer of the Savage Love column that can be found in the Detroit's Metro Times, is editor in chief. The Stranger holds many parallels to Metro Times - it's free, the same size, very left-wing, progressive, funny, informative, filled with local scene fervor, and well written. They have local show listings, and advertisements for all the venues, so finding a cool show is not hard. The rock scene in Seattle is very popular... it's where to find the cool kids.

Last month I saw Blonde Redhead at the Showbox. My partner Megan was sick, so she stayed home and I drifted by my lonesome. The venue itself, I've heard, is the best Seattle has to offer. And from the other venues I've seen so far, I have to agree - it has many big-name bands, lots of space, a moody, red atmosphere, and three bars. For Blonde Redhead they even had one of them blocked off for VIP's! What a bunch of silly clowns! Hee hee! Two local bands opened, IQU and Helio Sequence. The first was very good - two Japanese people, a woman and man. They both played keyboards, the man whipped out a guitar sometimes for quick bursts of cool chops, but what was most exciting was his theramin. If you don't know what that is, find out quick. It's weird and fucking cool. IQU's beats were dark and very danceable. The sound was reminiscent of Bjork.

Helio Sequence were also two people, both men, a drummer and a guitarist who sang. Bass and other keyboard-like tracks played along with them. In my opinion, the guitarist had too much delay and reverb on his guitar, so his sound became too muddy too often. Indie-pop is a good way to describe them - happy, melodic, lots of hooks and feel-good lyrics I couldn't identify with. For the most part I didn't like them. However, I stayed on the floor to watch them, reserving a space close to the stage for Blonde Redhead.

It was so worth the wait. Before I left for

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the show, I briefly wondered if it would be worth going to see them if I was going to go by myself, added to that the fact that I had to work at 6AM the next morning. Oh my fucking god I'm glad I went. Blonde Redhead blows me away - I would suck their dicks and have their baby. I am rabid for Blonde Redhead. Not since seeing Shellac in Detroit have I enjoyed myself more at a concert. I laughed, I cried, I sang along to almost every word. I also noticed that no one else was singing, so I felt like a bit of a freak, but they were playing so well and affecting me so profoundly that I didn't care. They are attractive, artsy, cooler than cool. No other band has a sound like theirs. Oh, they're so cool. I shiver. No other band can pull off being artsy and not come off as pretentious. Except The Nothing.

One concert I curse the gods for not seeing, or for it being held before my time of ripening, was Blonde Redhead, Fugazi, and Shellac.

Last night, December 3, I went with my newly formed band, The People Now, to the Vera Project to see The Fall of Troy, Schoolyard Heroes, Mon Frere, and Kane Hodder. Wow, lots to talk about in that sentence. Firstly, the Vera Project is an all-ages venue, so there were lots of underage kids there. The vast majority looked to be of high-school age. The Fall of Troy is a three-piece underage band, which makes their music that much more amazing. That is the band my friends and I wanted to see the most. I've not heard a crazier, more distorted, deranged, melodic band since Botch or Dazzlingkillmen. Remarkable is the fact that they are incredibly gifted at their instruments. Soon it became apparent to me that one must truly *feel* music to be in a band like this. These kids have more energy than older bands, and it shows. It is impossible to count along with what they're playing. It's like they take something beautiful, and make it into a monster. Wonderful chaos.

The other bands didn't make me feel as happy. Schoolyard Heroes came close, but in a different way. They're four people, three guys, and a girl on vocals. They didn't look much older than The Fall of Troy. This girl can sing! I heard she was trained as an opera singer, but she's punk as hell. Also, I hear that all her lyrics are related to Halloween, Werewolves, horror, and what have you, and that their website is all orange and black with bats. The music itself is easy to follow, but it's edgy and serves the purpose of making her sound good. Also, it's about time a really cool young lady came onto the scene as a role-model type for other young women. Mon Frere was artsy. A girl on keyboards and vocals, a guy on guitar and a guy on drums. They sounded very good, and were the darkest and most melodic band to play last night. The music was a bit minimal - it had a slight Blonde Redhead tone to it, and a friend agreed, and replied with, "Yeah, but not enough." I thought it appropriate.

Kane Hodder was boring. They looked like bunch of meatheads, the bassist kissing Kiss's ass with his shirt, the singer sporting a sports team on his and doing nothing but screaming too hard to for the music. Vera Project is a bit small and low-key, and the volume was way too high for such a small room, and I had forgotten my earplugs, so they sounded like shit. All I could make out was the bass, and it wasn't interesting. The whole look and sound of Kane Hodder really put me off, and I was alone with my opinion, because everyone else was still watching them while I drifted off to another room to read *The Stranger*.

Okay, I'm not done yet. I know this shouldn't be quite so long, but The Bad Idea only comes out once every three months, and I've got a lot to say. Am I boring you yet?

You'd think that in Seattle, it would be easy to start a band. It's hard, no matter where you are. The biggest problem is finding the right people. When meeting a potential bandmate, many factors must be considered. Are they dedicated enough to practice at least twice a week? Do they have practice space (because I don't)? Do they have a car, a job, their own place, gear, and/or talent? Through *The Stranger's* Musician's Classifieds, I've met many a musician, but none who I want to be in a band with. Many people who use these classified ads do so out of desperation, which usually means that they suck. It seems most people just miraculously have friends that they start bands with, but for a new guy in a big city, that's impossible.

One guy came over to my house from the bus across town. He carried his electric guitar without a case, missing the high E string, and some pedals and a chord in a plastic bag. Megan was there when he showed up, but left after a couple minutes. The first thing he said after she left was, "Dude, I hope you don't mind me saying this, but your girlfriend's really hot!" Not a good way to make a first impression. He proceeded to ask me if I had any food or drink, to leave my fridge door open when getting water, to smoke more of my pot than I had offered, and ask for a ride to the bus stop, because I wasn't going to drive him home. During the time we actually played music together, he played sloppy, and his singing sounded like an alcoholic's. It sounded like he was making it up as he went along. I said, "I wanted to do something a little more precise," and about five or ten minutes later, out of the blue, he said defensively, "I don't suck." And then, when we're about to leave so he can get back to his MOM'S PLACE (he's 22), he is surprised and embarrassed when I say that I don't want to get together again. Ugh, what a fucking waste of my time.

Another guy I met was very cool, a great person. His name is Nathan. I saw him at the Blonde Redhead show, and we still talk. When I first visited him at his place, just to get to know each other, he had a drink ready for me, and smoked me down from his bong. He has a ten-foot high, 12-foot wide record collection, and knows who Slint is. At first, I thought I, "I love this guy." But when we got together a second time to try playing music together, it just didn't work. Disappointingly obvious to us both was that we weren't meant for each other.

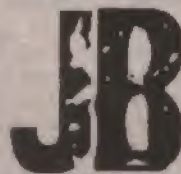
My time trying to get a band together in Seattle has been fraught with one let down after another. A drummer named Henry, and named Phillip, didn't work out, after we took the time to meet each other. The coolest person I met is this cellist named Valerie, but music isn't her biggest priority, as she has two jobs bartending, and other stuff on her plate, I guess. So I broke down, put on hold my own songs that I had been working diligently to complete and refine, and joined another band. At least, that way, I could actually play guitar with people and get some real practicing in. That band is called The People Now.

Fronted by a guy named Garth, he writes all the material, has long hair, practices karate, plays soccer, is a little full of himself, and believes in Reiki. So he's kind of a nut, but I've grown fond of him. His rock is more hyper and less artsy than mine, but he's got balls, and has much classical guitar training.

In other words, he's good. The songs he writes were very difficult for me to learn, but I'm doing better now. The bassist is named Micah, and he's from Hawaii originally. Micah has been in a lot of reggae bands. This is his first rock band, but he does all right. Tim, the drummer, is good, but tries to be more technical than is necessary. As a band, The People Now needs work. However, as evidenced by our practice before we left to see The Fall of Troy and others, we are getting better, and starting to sound like a band, rather than four guys with loud instruments in a room.

So that's it for me. Hopefully, next time I'll have this fictional story I'm working on ready for submission, so my Bad Ideas don't read like diary entries. To Brooke and Adam - congratulations! Megan and I are very happy for you. To The Nothing - I weep at your demise. Thank you for providing me with good sound during the five shows I saw you play, and all the times I listen to your cd. I'm excited to hear your new album. Let The Nothing go down in history with Jimi and Janice. Also - the Porkfist album is almost finished being mixed! Check out some samples in the near future at www.soiledutilities.com. You'll be able to purchase the cd there, too. Eddie and Geoff have been working hard on mixing and mastering it. Get 'Fisted!

Sorry, bad joke.



Party at the End of the World

In early March of 1980 we were experiencing unseasonably good weather. The winter had been harsh and it seemed as if nature was apologizing for it. The sun was shining and the snow was turning into slush. The slush was turning into rivulets and the sun danced on the rivulets as the water made its way to the gutter. It was a glorious, beautiful day, and I was pissed off as all hell.

My hands were thrust deeply into the pockets of my leather jacket as I stomped my way home from school. I was being evicted. As in, E-fucking-VICTED. I had always paid my rent on time. I had always paid my bills on time. I was working as a "pantry cook" (yes, there is an "R" in that word) at a place called the Stagedoor. I made salads and desserts. I got paid a whopping three dollars per hour and they fed me. I had enough money to pay rent, my share of the utilities, and to buy weed. I think my rent was ninety dollars per month.

On a typical day I would wake up at 7:45 and run to school. I went to school and then worked from four until eleven. Then I went home and partied until two. I was always stoned. I smoked weed at work and at school and everywhere in between. I sold a little weed every now and then. At age 17 I was basically a pissed off, fucked up, kid and getting evicted just made me more pissed off.

Sometimes I think it is funny that I still work in a restaurant. It is a little better because I own it. But it is really like a summer job that I have had for twenty-eight years. I always hoped to make it rich in the music business so I could stop working in restaurants. I worked in restaurants to get through college so I wouldn't have to work in restaurants

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anymore. When I graduated from college the only thing I had any experience in was, you guessed it, restaurants. So here I sit.

Anyway, back in early 1980 I did some bong hits and started packing my meager belongings. I had (and still have) a globe of mars. How cool is that? I bet you don't have a globe of mars. I had some books, some clothes and a guitar. I would get into wrestling matches with my guitar. I couldn't really afford lessons so I would go to shows and watch the guitar player's hands and try to copy them. I asked questions of people who knew how to play. Mostly I just basically fucked around. I was not playing anything that day. I had three boxes of crap, a mattress I had found in the garbage, and my guitar.

I was the last one to move out. My ex-roommates left behind wreckage of an extreme and varied nature. I sat in the middle of it seething, awaiting the arrival of my friend who would take me away from all this. I had the Ramones blasting out of a boom box. The Ramones had just come out with their first album. It was titled "the Ramones" like that was it and they never intended to put out another album. Anyway I thought it was very cool because it was American Punk. Much of the punk music in the late seventies and early eighties was coming from England.

Finally my friend arrived. I set out an ample amount of weed, as is the custom when asking a friend to help you move. We became quite stoned. I began a bit of a rant about being evicted and not knowing what happened to the money I spent on rent. I gave it to a particular roommate who had better uses for the money even though it was his responsibility to collect it and give it to the landlord. As I was only 17 at the time I was not on the lease.

It was then that my friend asked me the question. The question he asked was of such a profound nature that it changed my outlook on the whole situation. It was a simple question really, but it had deep ramifications. The question was this:

"What about your security deposit?"

The gears slowly clicked in my mind. The effects of the marijuana allowing thoughts to surface that might have otherwise lain dormant. I began to consider the security deposit and came to the realization that it was surely lost. There has never been a stray dog that has been more lost. It became apparent, as I sat there with my friend, that this was perhaps a cause for celebration. Indeed, my mood began to immediately brighten.

Part of the reason for my bad mood was that during the few months that I lived in that house on Main Street I had participated in very little of the activities that caused us to be evicted. Being late on the rent was the excuse the landlord used to get us out. He wanted us gone because we had a certain "zest" for life. I was working and going to school during much of the time the "zesting" was going on in my house. As I jumped on the coffee table I thought that perhaps I could in some small way make up for lost time. My friend was more than willing to indulge me and he joined right in.

The table splintered with a satisfying crash. We each grabbed a leg and began to play a little game with the hanging lamp. It was something like a loud, destructive form of tetherball. I smashed it across the room to him and he smashed it back. It was lovely sport. It soon degenerated into a sort of mock sword fight with the table legs and I was pressed back into the kitchen. In desperation I threw a roll of aluminum foil at him and he deftly batted it

with his table leg...right into the kitchen window.

The smashing of the kitchen window caused us to hesitate. Then we laughed. We started throwing things around in the kitchen. Eventually we found a tub of margarine. We smeared margarine on the abandoned television and on the windows. The food that was left rotting by my roommates now adorned the walls of the kitchen. Somehow we broke the banister.

Eventually we exhausted ourselves and loaded my shit into his car. We examined our work with no small satisfaction. It was a job well done. I felt it needed one small final deed. I poured bong water out on the living room floor and onto the sofa attempting to add some stench to the destruction.

As I turned my back on the house for the final time my friend asked if I wanted to lock the door.

"Fuck it," I replied, leaving the door wide open.

KEN SPRINGER

I HIGHLY SUGGEST WE DON'T FUCK AROUND

Shit, okay. Let me introduce myself first, since this is my first official column for the mighty BAD IDEAS zine. I'm ken and I live in Kalamazoo. This here column will focus on hardcore music and I might throw in some of my hard-line communist propaganda from time to time. Got all that?

I probably annoy the living shit out of people when I go to shows in other towns by name-dropping incessantly. You gotta understand something - its not because I'm trying to be cool, its because I'm desperate to connect with someone, anyone, about the music I love. Growing up in Kalamazoo, I missed the first great wave of punk bands and the scene around here dried up in 2002 when the Space closed. I pretty much stumbled onto hardcore alone on accident using the cursed internet (more on that shit later). When my friends and I were listening to and playing pop-punk, I happened across some crazy shit that hooked me hard and fast. This kind of made me an outcast because none of my friends could appreciate FUCK ON THE BEACH when they first heard them...can you blame them? I guess going from NOFX to FEAR OF GOD is a serious stretch of taste. So anyway, I've been into hardcore for a while now and only recently have made local friends who appreciate the same music I love so dearly.

There are a ton of awesome hardcore records coming out these days. Since I am broke as fuck, I don't really get to buy shitloads of records every month. I try to order at least 6 times a year, but when money is tight, its no go. The Internet and two programs in particular have been really instrumental for helping me find new rad bands and make up for my record-purchasing deficit. *Soulseek* is a napster-like program with a majority of the users being punks. The other is *Hotline*, a client-server thingy that lets you get full albums. I usually download bands I've never heard and then buy the records if I like them. For this reason, I tend to discover bands later than MRR and the "bigger" zines / labels out there. These zines also tend to focus on the newest

bands coming out, but I like to give props to bands that I've just recently discovered. I will also give attention to bands that have been duly skipped over by the aforementioned zines. So without further ado, here is my top six of the month:

JERRY'S KIDS: "Is This My World?" LP

Shit, how is that for a starter? This is one of the best hardcore/punk/thrash LPs of ALL FUCKING TIME. Totally ferocious Boston thrash that came out in 1982. I was a zygote in 1982. This is the catchiest and most unbelievably tight hardcore band! The drummer doesn't really play the hi-hats at all on this record - he's just a wicked blur all over the toms and snare...insane. The guitars are chainsaw raw and the vocals make me reach for the cough syrup. You can find this record anywhere...shit, you should already own this.

LOS CRUDOS / MK ULTRA: split 7"

Two bands that were Midwest mainstays in the late 1990's fucking own this piece of wax. CRUDOS is all in Spanish and MK ULTRA is a blur of rad-ass fastness. Though both bands are sadly AWOL, Chicago can take more pride in these two historical bands than any of its shitty sports teams.

VENICE: "First Year Demo" Tape

This is from Buenos Aires, and these kids are skate thrash to the max. Think BONES BRIGADE molesting a 16 year-old minor threat, but in Spanish. They do a BIG BOYS cover too, which makes these kids way more punk than me. I love young bands who are just so fucking raw and energetic that you gotta smile and remember that first time you ever got in the pit... *sniff*

MIGRA VIOLENTA: "Superficial" 10"/CD

Holy fucking god. If you haven't heard MV yet, they are mad fast hyper-hardcore from Buenos Aires. This is a co-ed four-piece with crazy impassioned high-pitch vocals and anguished lyrics. This release fucking kills everything that has come out of Brazil in the last year (seriously). 14 songs in like 10 minutes.

AUS ROTTEN: "...And Now Back to our Programming" LP/CD

Old release here, just giving it the props it deserves. AUS ROTTEN were the perfect mix of intelligence, chops and attitude. With instantly accessible lyrics and a crushing mid-tempo backline, this Pittsburgh 5-piece killed it on every release. This LP is one long song on the first side and 6 regular songs on side two. If you have a mohawk and don't own something by this band, you have some explaining to do! Exhibit A: "The love of this country is nothing but the fear of living someplace worse. Your gratitude is just relief that someone else gets slaughtered first." Preach!

YACOPSAE: "Einswilliege Vernichtung" LP/CD

Okay, confession time. I am a fucking sucker for anything on Slap-a-ham records. S.A.H. was the single greatest label ever. End of story. Sorry Dischord, sorry MCR, sorry Soundpollution...you are all hacks compared to the mighty Ham Slapper! This was the 3rd to last release on the label, a goddamn whirlwind of blenderthrash done German Aggro-style. This record has the production values of SKITSYSTEM but plays with the ferocity and speed of HELLNATION. The singer sounds like the guy from DROPDEAD with his nuts in a c-clamp. This is blastbeat mayhem that starts and stops on a dime but consistently rocks out throughout the whole record. Get this and play it for your family. They won't even invite you home for Christmas again.

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Shit, so I've wasted like half this issue on my column. Sorry dudes. I'll cut the shit out next time. If you want to hear any of these releases, hit me up on soulseek (username Ken TNCI) or email me (Kenspringer@hotmail.com.) Better yet, just buy them from your favorite distro - these aren't hard to find. I love demos and stuff, so if you wanna fill up my mailbox with your soiled panties, send them to my label at DFA Records, 7649 south Indian Lake Dr. Vicksburg, MI, 49097. Suerte!

DAVE FROM THE TEETH

"Home is where I want to be, but I guess I'm already there." - David Byrne - This Must Be the Place (Naïve Melody)

I'm sitting in an apartment in Queens, New York with a clarinet in my lap. My friend Sam sits across the room strumming his guitar and singing the song quoted above. He reaches the line quoted above. Until a couple of seconds ago, I was playing with him, but I'm not anymore. I've stopped and he continues singing without me. Instead, I'm sitting on the couch in an apartment in Queens, New York with a clarinet in my lap and my face in my hands, weeping.

He finishes the song. I dry my eyes and look at him. "I don't know what happened. I couldn't help it. Please don't tell Peter." Peter, one of my best friends, is Sam's roommate, and is out picking up his laundry. When he gets back, he'll notice that I was crying, and I'll probably be really embarrassed. I was embarrassed already. Now understand, I've cried many times from music, movies, visual art, you name it, and I don't find that embarrassing. I'm embarrassed because I'm not alone. I'm experiencing something very intense and very personal, and my friend is watching. My embarrassment wanes though (at least until Peter returns), and my mind drifts to one thing - the quote above. What did this line touch in me that got me so bad?

Last week I made the decision to leave Ann Arbor. I've wanted to leave for a while. When I arrived here, Ann Arbor was merely the town where I was studying; certainly not a place I'd consider home, or would even consider considering home. I would move in, do a quick two years of school, and then move on. My girlfriend lived about two-and-a-half hours away at Oberlin College, my alma mater, and I visited her almost every weekend. On the weekends that I didn't visit her, she visited me.

She was to graduate from Oberlin at the same time I would graduate from Michigan. We spoke often of marriage. We spoke of moving in together, of her spending the summer in Ann Arbor with me, and of me following her wherever she decided to go for grad school. I was completely dedicated to her, and consequently completely alone without her. Needless to say, we never got married. We never moved in or even spent the summer together. We broke up just before the summer began.

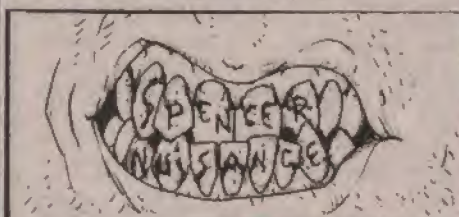
Suddenly, forced to come to terms with Ann Arbor, I lacked the means to deal with the break-up. I had lived here for almost a year. But as I had spent virtually all of my free time with my girlfriend, Ann Arbor felt as foreign to me as when I

had moved in. Now, with her out of my life and almost all of my college friends hundreds of miles away, I had no group of friends to turn to. I longed for home. Home was where I wanted to be, and I was not there. Home was with my friends in Oberlin, or with my family in New York. It was not in Ann Arbor.

In the months that followed, something amazing happened. Although I didn't have many friends, the ones that I did have came to my aid. My roommate (whom I lived with in Oberlin as well) was especially amazing, and was there for me at every turn. He checked up on me, kept me company when I didn't want to be alone, and talked me through many of my problems. When I was alone in my apartment, it was a depressing, foreign place that only brought me painful thoughts and memories. When my roommate was there, it was home.

It's now about a year and a half since my break-up, and I've made many close friends here in Ann Arbor. I finished grad school and decided to remain here for the next year. But I have to leave soon. I can't stay here. I'm still unhappy. My career goals are pulling me elsewhere, towards Chicago, and I've decided to move there this summer. So I'm finally leaving this place that I never wanted to live in - this place that has felt so foreign to me for so long. Then why am I so sad? Because I'm no longer just leaving a place, I'm leaving the place where my friends are, and looking for a place where I can do the work that I feel I was put here to do. I'm looking for a place where I can settle down for the next portion of my life. I'm looking for a place.

I'm sitting on a couch in a café in Ann Arbor, Michigan with a computer on my lap. I understand now why the line from the Talking Heads song made me cry. I understand why I have to leave, and why leaving makes me so sad. Home is not about a place. It's not a building and it's not a town. Home is your friends. It's the people you love and who love you back. It's the friendships and the community that sustain you, not the location. I am home. I'm already there. I'm sitting on a couch in a café in Ann Arbor, Michigan with a computer on my lap, and a cup of tea at my side. And I'm leaving.



Well, I suppose I'm not the only one who'll be tackling this subject, and you're all probably sick of facing the reality of it by now. But, I feel I've got to throw my two cents in about this "election". So spit those sour grapes outta yer mouth, 'cause I'm sure not every one o four readers knows about the almost backwards exit poll/ballot discrepancies in Florida, Pennsylvania and Ohio, the key battleground states which used the untraceable electronic voting machines manufactured by republican party contributor Diebold, whose president Wally O'Dell publicly stated that he was "committed to helping Ohio deliver it's electoral votes to the President". While none of this is exactly a smoking gun (nor the least bit surprising to me), it should still make even the most cynical political abstainer fucking sick. Now, we can blame the gullible gay-bashing, fetus-hugging Christians all we want, but I doubt that

any of them will be reading this column.

I know that some of you just plain didn't vote. I know you personally. Either you're lazy or ignorant. If you want to make the whole "I don't want to choose between the lesser of two evils" argument that just means you're too lazy to make critical decisions, and you're just letting the greater of two evils choose for you. And if you think it doesn't effect you and doesn't matter then you're just as ignorant as someone who gets their news from the Fox News Channel rather than shielding themselves from the world behind a tune in drop out hippie mentality. If you work, it matters. If you're on the street, it matters. If you want to express your opinion in public, it fucking matters.

Now, I'm not a member of the Democratic party, and obviously John Kerry is not an ideal candidate. Hell, I don't even think there should be a president. I think this "representative democracy" is anything but. However, the fact of the matter is, there is a difference, and W MUST BE STOPPED.

While the Democratic Party may seem to largely consist of corporate ass-wipers at this stage in history, the Bush/Cheney administration is nothing short of a fascist revolution. I hope at least some of you have noticed the drastic political slide to the right in this country, but it goes a lot deeper than that. Now I don't have the time or space to go into all the details here(nor can the magazine afford enough ink and paper), but basically the whole tax cuts/9-11/Iraq war all combine to increase spending, decrease revenue, and bankrupt the federal government so that it must be completely sold off to private interests friendly to the remaining authoritarian bureaucracy. That's called fascism kids, and not the watered down kind we gave now. But don't take my word for it, ask uncle Mussolini, or better yet, do some independent research. Get informed. Do some digging. (a good place to get started might be spitfire.com) I know it's not so easy these days, and you most certainly won't like what you find, but I think it's our duty as members of the human race. That doesn't mean you have to be an obsessive fundamentalist about it, and eat sleep and breathe politics. That'll just drive you insane. But we must be aware of our environment if we want to effect it more than it effects us.

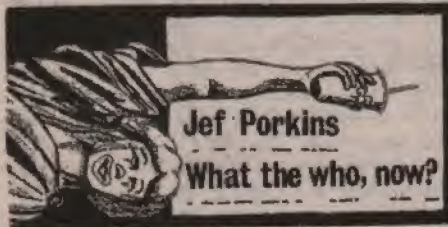
I know the future looks bleak in that regards. The only way to get rid of these bastards within the next four years is impeachment (assassinating anyone would be like chopping heads off the hydra). And while demonstrably lying to congress has sometimes been grounds in the past, don't hold your breath waiting for the republican strangle hold on the House and Senate to loosen any time soon. And four years from now, what have we got to look forward to? Don't even get me started on the prospects of a Schwarzenegger Presidential Library in the not too distant future. If you thought Reagan was a bad actor, at least he never sieg heiled for a Sports Illustrated photo shoot.

However, for those of us still paying attention, there is something we can do. I know many of my friends have family members who voted for W. These are parents, siblings, aunts, uncles, cousins, and grandparents, people we care about and presumably share some core values with. So I can understand the frustration. But our loved ones aren't hopelessly stupid cretins, they've been carefully misled. For example, independent exit polls showed that nearly 75% of Bush voters believed that weapons of mass destruction had been found in Iraq, and that

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Saddam Hussein was responsible for the attacks of September eleventh. For those keeping score, that's horse shit, not democracy. How did this happen? Or, more importantly, what can we do about it? Well, if we're well informed we can help our friends and family and peers see that their so-called compassionate conservative representatives have anything but their well being in mind, and we can build upon the growing base of the disillusioned. This administration has at least started to jolt an unprecedented number of people into some awareness and action, and we can't let that die on the vine. Also, don't forget that the largest generation of which many of you are members is still unable to vote, but they are coming of age soon. I know it sounds like redundant cheesecake, but the future depends on you more than anyone. Remember, doing something is always better than doing nothing. Don't give up!

(On aside note, the most cynical conspiracy theorist could postulate that Bush's fellow Skull and Bonesman could have agreed to throw the election, conceding moments after John Edwards pledged to fight until every last vote was counted, which will still not have happened by the time this sees print. But that would be even wackier than suggesting that the Bush administration knowingly permitted the events of Sep. 11th to occur for political gain. And that's just plain silly, right?...right?... I mean, what's the motivation? ...Oh...never mind.)



Jeff Porkins

What the who, now?

I think that I thought of this when I was a wee lad of the age 16, here it is: You can have anything you want, within the boundaries of actual, physical possibility, it just depends on what you are willing to give up or sacrifice. Now, let me explain.

First, I need to make clear what I mean by "actual, physical possibility". It is not possible to sprout wings out of your fucking back and fly away. It is physically impossible to raise the dead. Places like heaven or Atlantis are mythical places, not part of actual reality, so if you wanna go there, sorry, bub, not gonna happen.

I guess you really can't make someone love you, either. You might be able to make it seem that way, but...no. That's emotion, I'm talking about logic, which I believe are separate things that are at opposite ends of a spectrum.

So, with that out of the way, what do you want? Let's discuss and see if it works. Let's start with basics, say you want a million dollars. What is stopping you? You can go rob a bank or knock over an armored car. Now, in order to do that, you risk giving up your freedom, possibly your morals and whatever time it may take to plan the heist. Or, you could give up the time it takes to get the education that you need to earn the money on Wall Street or maybe by making a commercially viable form of art, like a hit pop album. That pop shit is easy!

Okay, maybe you have more simple desires. Say that you want a certain pair of expensive boots. What's stopping you? You don't have money? Get a job. There are no jobs? Anybody can suck dick for cash. I'd be willing to bet that you don't want to

do that. You are choosing not to, because you don't want to sacrifice your morals or self-respect or what have you.

It all boils down to that fact that everything you have and everything that you don't have is because you've made certain choices. Regardless of whether or not you were conscious of the effects of those choices that you made, you've chosen to be where you are today.

You may not like the choices you have in any given situation. But, remember that it was your choice to be in that situation.

You maybe saying to yourself "I did not choose to get a speeding ticket that would cost me my entire weeks wages!" Actually, you did. You were the one that chose to put the pedal to the metal. If you know how to drive, then you know that there are speed limits. Even if you didn't know what the speed limit was, you chose go the speed you were going and decided not to find out what the limit was. You can't blame your ignorance on other people. If you don't know something, it's because you've chosen to ignore the way to find out.

Now, of course, accidents happen. But, not as often as people like to think. I can't say that the person who dies in their house, because some mad-man decided to drive through their bay window and crush them, chose to die (I can say that they chose not to hide themselves away in the safest place possible in exchange for the opportunity to live their life to it's fullest in a house with a bay window). But, the guy that ignores the car barreling down on him in the middle of the street chose to ignore it, regardless of his "right of way" or the driver's choice to disregard it.

If an atom bomb blows the country to bits, you can bet that I will say that the "victims" chose to be a part of that country and the politics that represent that country. I choose not to systematically hunt down every politician that has and will run this country into the ground. I choose this in trade for the hope that I will remain alive, free and able to spend what time I have with my friends and loved ones. So, I chose to die right along side of all of you.

You have to choose if where you are at satisfies you. You have to choose whether or not the things that you have to do to change your situation are worth what you will have to sacrifice to get them. You have to choose whether you believe that you control what happens to you or whether you are a victim of your surroundings. I am of the strong opinion that whether you believe it or not, you have a choice.

Don't believe me? Have you taken the time to think about it? You should. You should write to me if you can prove me wrong. But, don't be half-assed about it because I will not be half-assed in my response.

Email me at thistadidea@yahoo.com if you choose to contest this idea. Be mindful of hypothetical situations that will not ring true. Remember, that if you were to travel in a car at the speed of light, your body would explode due to the vacuum of space (I think it's because of the vacuum of space) before you could get a chance to think about turning on your headlights. Besides the fact that no car ever made by man could ever withstand that speed let alone get up to it. Sorry, I'm just being thorough. But, I want you to really think about this. It's up to you to decide to be in control. If you want something done, do it yourself. If it's not worth doing, then at least know that you have made that decision.





*Ingredients

55% WHEAT GLUTEN (BUY AT YOUR LOCAL HIPPIY STORE)

40% STOCK, WATER, OR FLAVORED LIQUID OF CHOICE

5% DRIED GARLIC, GINGER, MUSTARD, SOY SAUCE, BLACK PEPPER

KNEED ALL INGREDIENTS IN LARGE BOWL TILL SMOOTH, MORE H₂O MAY BE NECESSARY.

ON WOOD OR COUNTER TOP KNEED 10 MIN. THEN REST 10 MIN. KNEED 10 MORE MIN. CUT INTO 1 INCH SLICES.

IN YOUR LARGEST POT BOIL IN STOCK, OR H₂O. ADD 1 CUP SOY, RAW GINGER, 3 GARLIC. BOIL ON LOW HEAT FOR 6 HOURS! ADDING H₂O EVERY HOUR UNTILL THE LAST ONE

ALLOW TO REDUCE AND COOL IN STOCK. SATAN CAN BE STORED IN FREEZER FOR EVER OR LAST A BIT IN THE FRIDGE IT WILL GROW 30-50% WHEN BOILED SO WATCH OUT! Bigger BATCHES ARE BEST AS IT KEEPS WELL AND IS TIME CONSUMING TO MAKE

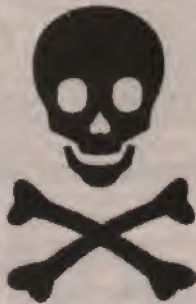
HAIL SATAN

WELL!

THESE INGREDIENTS CAN BE CHANGED TO EFFECT THE END FLAVOR USE YOUR FAVORITE SPICE BLENDS!!

Love Letters...

...from the editors



This is an open letter in response to Spencer Nuisance's column in the last *Bad Ideas* (#4). Although, this "letter" didn't go through the mail or was even sent to the editor, since that's my fuckin' job anyway, it's a letter nonetheless. Furthermore, I feel it necessary to title this letter. That title is: "I hope that Spencer Nuisance can appreciate that the fruits of our hard work afford him a comfortable way of being a complete asshole that shits on everything we do." My gripes are as follows:

First, the first punk week, for me, in hindsight, was truly soured by a lack of communication and understanding between two groups of friends that were hindered greatly by a lack of social skills that is arguably a prerequisite to anyone's entrance into a the punk rock scene. I mean, c'mon, it's not like people get into punk rock because they're overly social or good with people. It's the disdain for outsiders, exhibited by the travelers and by people like Spencer Nuisance that got us where we are in the first place. I doubt very highly that Spencer tried to breach the stoic wall of stand-off-ish-ness that only masks ones shyness in the case of the travelers that he encountered. Besides that, Spencer and the rest of HDB were pissed at Josh because, supposedly, since his generator was not properly grounded, their guitar amp was damaged beyond repair. All I gotta say about that is that Josh's generator has NEVER been properly grounded (and probably never will be since "proper" grounding requires a metal pole to be driven at least 8 feet into the ground. Who's gonna do that?). Yet, NO ONE else's equipment has EVER shown damage because of it. Spencer's anger toward Punk Week, to me, seems like displaced anger towards one person, which should only be turned upon himself for his own lack of social skills and lack of funds for proper equipment. I personally can't remember a time when HDB weren't complaining about equipment problems. Sorry to drag the rest of his band into this, because I love them all, but it's just a point of detail that is necessary to note.

As for Spencer's problem with a "preponderance" of "playground games and craft workshops", the only workshop I recall from Punk Week II was the sound workshop that Crash put on. It dealt with proper uses and maintenance of your sound equipment, something Spencer and his band could obviously benefit from attending. Oh wait, I remember a stencil workshop, too. I don't know what kind of problem Spencer could have with this since his latest band makes full use of this art form and with much success. And if Spencer doesn't like playground games, then I guess he probably hated playing hide-n-go-seek tag at Eberwhite with Dave, Peter and his brother that one night that I had the shits. Wait a sec...that was your fuckin' idea!

By virtue of the fact that Spencer is so far up the Clash's ass that he believes that they can do no wrong, I see Spencer's opinions about any other band's musical value as null and void. I swear that if any given guitarist forgot to go to the chorus at the same time as the rest of the band, that mistake would over shadow any good that could come out of the message of the song they were playing. I'll play witness to the fact that Spencer is no stranger to mistakes (I play with him often) and therefore, in his own standards, no stranger to sucking-ass. Could it be that his biggest problem with the last band was that it was headed up by, none other than, Josh Redd? I detect an air of jealousy that it was not his band that all of the back doors were flung open for, that it wasn't his band that had the crowd of curious passersby and people of all walks of life rapt with attention. Or maybe it's because I played drums that I take such issue with it...probably not.

The fact that Spencer has put this proposal of action in print makes me laugh, whole-heartedly. His "proposal", his *Big Idea*, was to "stage free weekly outdoor shows, probably at one of our public parks." He first brought this proposal to my attention shortly before our power was shut off for 4 days (We live together. We get along great. Wanna come over and watch the sparks fly?). He told me about this idea and I gave him kudos for it. Unfortunately, I think he was satisfied with a pat on the back for a good idea, rather than actually putting the plan into action. See, the reason I bring up our

power outage is that since then, Josh's generator has been in our possession. Not only that, but R's pick-up truck has been, until recently (yet nonetheless available), parked in front of our house. It's been a month and a half (probably longer since this went to print) since his idea had come out, he's had all of the necessary tools to make it work and it has still not yet come to fruition. I said "sounds good, make it happen" and he gave his usual stammering "wull...I...can't...I'll need help!" To which I replied "You got it! Set up the bands and the dates and I'll get the generator and truck together." After much debate over how easy it would be with just a little bit of work, he quietly conceded, yet still proceeded to let the idea rot. As if it was good enough just to have the idea and that it was up "someone" to make it happen.

You see, it is my opinion that Spencer is completely missing the point of Punk Week. The point of Punk Week is that anybody can do it. The people that put on Punk Week aren't special in any way. They're just kids with a bit of gumption and a few friends that are willing to help with the work. It's not even that much work. With all of the pre-planning we did, starting in May, most of it only came together a day or even an hour before the event. But we made it happen, we weren't content to just sit back and talk about it and be done. We did it.

Spencer's conclusion was that "someone" should come up with something better. Spencer has been a contributor for *Bad Ideas* since the first issue, for that he does deserve a pat on the back. But, what he should have seen on the opposite page from his contribution to issue #2 (not to mention a review of his band's CD) was an advertised open invitation to help plan Punk Week III, which I will quote for you now: "For the past two years the same group of friends have (un)organized Punk Week. We are tired of messing everything up by ourselves. If you have any insane ideas for things you'd like to see done please come help, *instead of telling us how we should do your idea after the week is planned.*" [emphasis in italics by me] If you hadn't already guessed it, Spencer was not at the meeting. Spencer didn't do shit to help with Punk Week III. He said that his contribution was playing a show. Are you fucking kidding me? Who put that show on? Not you, Spencer.

As for people feeling "disenfranchised" by the word "punk", get some fucking guts, people! Look past the '80s Hollywood representation of "punks" as wanton thugs out to get everybody that ain't protected by leather, studs and mohawks. As far as I see it, we're out to make something for ourselves and if you don't think you can handle it because of the word "punk", then for shit's sake DO IT YOURSELF! I swear to fuckin' "Bob!" I'll do my damndest to show up and support it.

I think in light of all this, Spencer Nuisance should shut his stupid fucking mouth! I love you, Spence, see you at home.

-Jef Porkins

Okay, as ridiculous as it seems to write a letter to a magazine I help make, I just couldn't think of any other way to respond, cuz I'm certainly am not using my own column to respond.. First off, Spence, isn't it a little shallow and self-congratulatory to complement your own band in the third person. I mean, I hope you didn't hurt your arm patting your self on the back when you said, "The first few sets by the Teeth, Bantha Fodder, Hairy Drain Babies, and Kick Like Crazy were all great." I mean did you think people don't know your in the Hairy Drain Babies or what? And second, I take offence to you saying my band sucked ass, cuz Bantha Fodder and Kick Like Crazy sucked just as much ass as we did. Both of them were way less rehearsed than we, the "clearly thrown together," band were. Okay but really now, Punk Week. Thanks for coming this year, thanks for writing about it, and thanks for having fun. But, there are a few mistakes in your column, Spence. Remember that part where you said you didn't come to the second Punk Week because everyone was mean to you the year before and the schedule was full of "playground games" and "Craft Workshops" and not a lot of shows? But remember how that's not the real reason? Remember how that's what you're saying now, so that you don't look like such an idiot? Remember how at Punk Week 2 you got mad that we didn't book your band. And remember how you and some of your friends wanted to throw an event called "Bunk Week" in protest to something or other? Remember how you were going to put up some fliers about "Bunk Week"? I remember, Spence. I remember, cuz I thought it was interesting that you had no idea why we didn't book your band. One thing I don't remember though, is whether or not you put up those fliers for Bunk Week or if that was just one more thing you talk about doing but never get around to (similar I predict, to your new generator show idea). I can't speak for everyone involved in Punk Week 2, but do you wanna know why I didn't book your band? Ok, I'll tell you. I didn't book your band because at the first Punk Week, we did. And you guys whined and whined and cried about being tired, played two hours early and then left before the other bands could play (consequently missing one of the best punk week shows). Remember how you guys did that? That kinda stuff is not so fun to be around when your organizing a show (not that you'd know). I decided that I didn't want to deal with you guys during Punk Week 2. Not only that, but you didn't really come to events. Why bother booking someone if they don't want to be there? I just thought I ought to bring up the actual reasons that you missed the Second Punk Week. In your revisionist column you seem to have forgotten that part.

I also think it's interesting, Spence, that it took you three years to realize how mind blowing the traveling generator shows are. I mean, everyone else knew that

three years ago. (Even some of the "Elitist, Dirtier-Than-Thou, Out of Town Crust Punks, Who Wouldn't Even Look You in the Eye if You Didn't Have Dreadlocks and Smell Like You Hadn't Showered, Changed Your Clothes or Brushed Your Teeth in the Last Year." Know about how cool the traveling generator shows are.) I mean, what took you so long? All you had to do was show up and you'd of seen it. Hey, that's right, why didn't you show up? I mean I guess it was kinda early, 2:00pm. But most people made it, even some of the E.D.T.T.O.T.C.P.W.W.E.L.Y.E.Y.D.H.D.S.L.Y.H.S.C.Y.C.O.B.S.Y.T.T.L.Y.'s got up all early. Even peoples who's bands weren't playing came. Oh! I bet that's it! You didn't come to any of the other traveling generator shows because your band wasn't playing, and this year, your band played and you had to come. That sounds right to me what do you think, Spence? And as far as the E.D.T.T.O.T...etc. that were mean to you. Well gee, Spence, if you called me an E.D.T.T.O.T...etc. I wouldn't wanna talk to you either. And don't pretend like you hadn't formed that opinion before you met them. Because like so many other folks in this town, you like to pretend that you're better than someone else because you have a job, SUCKER.

Regardless, the E.D.T.T.O.T.'s were nice to me. They were friendly, concerned and intelligent. And they even helped out (more than you did) and we didn't even ask them to, they just did, by themselves, go figure. And really, I have a hard time believing that story about them just giving you "aloof stares". It just seems completely unrealistic. I mean, come on who would do that unless they really were assholes (which they weren't) or perhaps they were approached by an asshole? Okay, I guess it could happen. I'm not gonna call you a liar. I just think there was probably some part of that story you forgot to write about.

But look at it like this; why would the out of town kids know where the show was any better than you, who lives here? And why weren't you at the first generator show we had a month earlier, anyway? And of course their is the whole social awkwardness that so many of the punks have because of school, their parents or whatever. That's why so many folks are punk in the first place, because their socially inept. Maybe they weren't mean to you, they're just weird and you took offence because you wanted a reason to not like them, because you thought they were E.D.T.T.O.T.'s already. I don't know, what do you think? And furthermore, most of the kids who came to the first PunkWeek came back for the third and you liked them this time. What's that all about? I guess I just take offence to you talking shit about people who don't actually act like you described. Especially when you say the opposite thing about the same people two years later.

So, about that second PunkWeek being full of "workshops, and playground games." Ok this ones easy. Anyone can look at the schedule, and see that you are completely one hundred percent, absolutely wrong. Sorry, Spence, I'd hate to call you on being completely misinformed and sounding like one hell of a snotty little kid... but, yeah, you do, sorry. The "playground games" were the same as they were this year, except we had two more. And no, the fact that we had two more activities, didn't force us to cancel any shows. In fact I think that year we might have had more shows than any year previous. But I'm not sure, you should actually look at a schedule and let me know.

Okay, about those "craft workshops". Well, I guess there were two. I guess if you consider stencils to be a craft, you got one thing half right. The other workshop was a sound workshop, which considering how many times I've seen your band complain about how you guys sound, and stopping to mess with your levels during a show, you might have gotten something out of that one.

Lets change "Punk Week" into "Peoples Week" great idea Spence. After that we can petition to have the "Jazz and Blues Fest" changed to something else, I mean what if I don't like Jazz or Blues but still want to go. Lets call it the "Music and More Music Fest." That way everyone can come. Yeah it's a "goofy" name, that was kinda the point. I mean if someone's really not going to attend something because of the name, well, okay don't attend. I'm not gonna apologize if punk isn't the end all social scene for all disenfranchised youth. Yeah, we want people to come regardless of what your into, but first get over it. Stop marginalizing yourself and other people for what ever stupid tag you put on each other. Who are you to complain about that, Spence? Have you ever been to one of your own shows? Your band doesn't necessarily incite a richly inviting atmosphere. I know it's not your intention, but it happens. It happens to you and it happens to PunkWeek and we do the best we can. At some point you have to give up trying to convince people that it's okay to come to an event. It's seems no less "goofy" to not go to something because you don't feel like you're "punk" enough. Do you really think that if we changed the name hundreds people are going to flock to Ann Arbor in late August next year? Ultimately does it matter what we call it?

Finally, aside from your completely inaccurate statements about what has happened every year at PunkWeek; aside from your just plain dumb comments about the E.D.T.T.O.T.'s and the title of the week; aside from you acting like it's important that you, just now, after three years understand how amazing PunkWeek is; This is what gets me. . . You want to do generator shows now? Okay great, then do it, Spence! Really come on. I told you three years ago when I bought the generator that you could use it any time you wanted to. At PunkWeek2, when you complained about how short the generator show was, I told you *again* that you could use my generator, and do your own shows. My generator had been at your house for a month while you "proposed" your idea of throwing "park shows" in your last column. So, here's what I propose, Spence; stop talking about what you think would be cool and

get it done!!! Stop criticizing other people for not doing something the way you want. Stop asking for help and making excuses for why you can't do something. Does Jef need help when he puts on a generator show? No. He does it, and help shows up because everyone wants to see it. A lot of people help without being asked. Some people don't help at all. And some people don't help and then complain about it. Which one are you, Spence? Because really, think hard on this one, Spence; What the fuck do you do? You sing in a band, Spence. That's all. You do the easiest part of making music. You do the part that gets the most glory and takes the least amount of effort. I know, because that's what I usually do too. But, Spence, not only do you do the easy part, you also stole your whole sound from Jello Biafra (and yes I did the HR thing in Axis, but that's one out of five). Oh yeah, and you write a column for a zine, but that's because I asked you to. And, we started a zine and you didn't help a bit. Last issue, when Jef and I where collating the pages together, Dave from the Teeth helped proof read while you sat on the couch reading it, and complaining about how I messed up the track listing on the CD of your band that I put out. Did we ask Dave? No, he just saw that he could help and did. So I'll ask again, Spence, what the fuck do you do? Have you ever booked a show that didn't involve your band? Have you ever shown up at any PunkWeek planning meetings? Have you ever put out a record? Ever put up a traveling band? Ever put out a zine? Ever done a radio show? Yet, you bitch and complain about all those things! PunkWeek's not good enough. . . Jason's radio show doesn't play the music you like. . . the Bad Idea charges too much at the door. . . Mike and Jamie didn't record your band well enough. That's what you sound like, Spence. And your last column was a perfect example. Here's another question Spence: How many times have I booked your band? I can't even remember. But, how many times have you booked my band? Or better yet, how many times have you even come to see my bands? Of course I'm talking about the times when your band wasn't also playing. See, Spence, how come you get to be obnoxious and we still support you, but we can never count on you to just shut up, not be obnoxious and help a little? Doesn't it seem a little silly to use a platform, we gave you, to complain about us? So, how about this, Spence: You book you own shows at your own place. You put out your own zine. You throw your own week long event, and start your own radio show. How about you try that for a while. And if you can't do that, how about you shut the fuck up when things don't happen the way you want them to.

-Josh Redd Sanchez



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Another Blow to Affordable Housing in Ann Arbor

Ann Arbor used to require that a developer requesting rezoning of a piece of land (for higher density Planned Unit Development – usually condos) was required to designate at least 20% of the project for affordable housing units. A vote by the Ann Arbor city council in September greatly reduced this requirement. Developers are now required to include only 10-15% affordable units in such projects, and even worse – the developer can waive the requirement altogether by contributing cash in lieu of the affordable units to the city's Affordable Housing Trust Fund.

It's not hard to predict what projects utilizing the city's Affordable Housing Trust Fund will be like – homogeneous neighborhoods built outside of the downtown area, segregated from downtown residents by income, and often also by race. Looking into the future, Ann Arbor residents need to think about the kind of diversity they want in their downtown communities. With the greenbelt passed, more housing developments are going to continue being proposed downtown. The time to ensure that these new developments include a space for affordable housing is now. It is very discouraging that rather than enforcing and strengthening its affordable housing efforts at this critical time, Ann Arbor city council has weakened them.

The Ann Arbor News reported that the city council was trying to “shun what a recent report said was an anti-development perception in the community,” and that the change likely “saved” the condo project on the corner of Kingsley and Ashley. Requiring developers to take a cut to their profit margin for the public good is (surprise!) not popular in the real estate world. In fact, when the news of the recent city council vote reached the business community, headlines did not read like mine, but rather: “PUD Affordable Housing Requirement Improves.” (Ann Arbor Chamber of Commerce Website)

I am of the camp that believes that developers *should* be required to take a cut in profit for the public good. Unfortunately, there is no state law in Michigan requiring inclusionary housing (some states do have such laws, such as Maryland). With a lack of legal support at the state level, Ann Arbor faces the problem of developers taking their business elsewhere, or even possibly suing over the affordable housing requirement. Some residents and policy makers (me) feel that Ann Arbor has a prime enough real estate market to attract developers regardless of requirements such as the one for affordable housing.

To the credit of the Ann Arbor planning commission, affordable housing has definitely been a topic of recent

discussion. During a August 3rd meeting of the City Planning Commission, member Braxton Blake said he was not entirely happy with the proposed redevelopment project at the Eaton Corporation site on First and Ashley (see Bad Ideas Spring 2004), due to the lack of affordable housing included. Granted, his idea of affordable housing is a bit different than mine (he was asking for housing to be included for someone earning \$40-\$50K a year), but at least he is thinking in the right direction.

In case you were wondering, \$40,250 is considered “low-income” in Washtenaw County (since it is 80% of the median income in the county). Someone making \$27,200 (~\$13/hr) annually is considered “very low income”. These benchmarks make me wonder what was being required by the original “affordable housing” stipulation described above, anyhow.

Beth Nagalski, jynx_90@hotmail.com

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HEY KIDS...

MAKE YOUR OWN FUCKIN' COMIC!

BY
**NATE
HIGLEY**

How to self-publish your own comic. I thought this would be an easy article to do. I've been self-publishing my own comics now for almost four years. And before that I had done numerous zines and projects with other people. But when I sat down to write this, I realized that there are so many ways to self-publish and to get things done with your own comics. So, I'm am going to show you how I do it. This is not carved in stone, so if you figure out another way to do it, do it that way. The most important thing about making your own comics is that you love doing it. There will always be stressful moments in doing this, but when you hold the end product in your hand, it's a great feeling. So, first

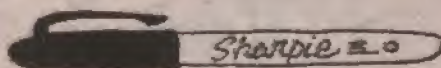
Step 1:

You will need some tools to make your comic. Basics items you will need are: pencil, marker, paper (or board) and an idea. Comics can be about anything. Super-heroes, autobiographical, western, sci-fi, historical or just totally weird shit. Anything you can think up. Once you have your idea, you'll start working on your comic. Write a script, draw up designs or just wing it and start. This is a part you need to figure out on your own. Everyone does this a little different. Now you are ready to do your comic. You need to find what you want to do your illustrations on. I prefer bristol board. Ink

doesn't bleed very much and it holds up to erasing and white-out. In the beginning I used everything from old typing paper to the back of flyers. Bristol board is a little more expensive than regular paper, but worth it artistically. It's available in different sizes and thicknesses. Try out thicknesses and see which one you prefer. Next, pencils and markers. I use mechanical pencils and blue pencils. Mechanical pencils keep a sharper point. Blue pencils work nicely because they are non-photo (meaning they don't show up on photocopiers or at printers, scanners will however pick it up). When it comes to markers, I use

also comes in handy for large black areas (if you don't have a brush, you can use a q-tip). There are thousands of types of markers out there, I prefer sharpies because they dry instantly, they don't smear and they are rather cheap. Microns need a few minutes to dry or they will smear horribly. These are the basic tools you will need, but here are some more tools that I use in producing comics:

- white vinyl eraser (regular and pen style)
- circle template (for word balloons)
- t-square (for lining up pages and panels)
- triangle (great for squaring up panels)
- zipatone (a shading tool to give your work greytone)
- prismacolor markers (for rare color work and also for greytone)
- whiteout (I prefer the pen style, this is for fixing fuck-up's a plenty)



sharpies (fine point and ultra fine point) and microns (mostly for detail). India ink

Step 2:

Make your comic...this step you need to do all on your own. The only advice I can give you is...do something you like, not because it will sell or is a fad. Do the comic you always wanted to read. Keep your original pages clean and always keep a back-up copy. Also, just to note: if you do your originals at 11" x 17", shrink them down 64% and they will be comic size. Okay...

Step 3:

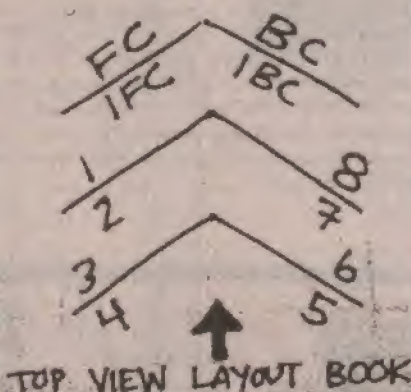
Here's the somewhat boring and occasionally confusing part, laying out your comic. Keep in mind that your page count must always be in increments of four (4). If you are going to print through a printer (way more \$), then they often go by sets of 8, 16 or so. Always check first. But for photocopying, always stick to the magic number four.

So to be completely anal

about this, makes sure your page count either 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24 and so on. This includes your front cover (fc) and back cover (bc), plus your inside front cover (ifc) and inside back cover (ibc). So always tack on

four pages longer than your actual comic. If you ever come down to being a page or to short to hit an even four, you can always throw in a pin-up (by yourself or a friend), write up a page about yourself, put in an ad, or what ever you can think of. THE most annoying thing is seeing a blank page in a comic (this is totally wasted space and sucks).

When you are ready to put your comic together, make a layout book so you know where everything is going. This will help you keep your pages in order and help you decide the final look of your book.

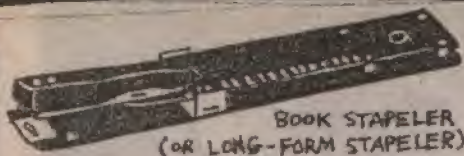


If you have any confusion about this, feel free to contact me for further confusion (I'm rather good at explaining things in an odd way). Using your layout book, begin laying out your comic. Cut and paste each page of your comic to it's place in the layout book. When this is done make yourself a master copy. This will be the copy you print all your comics off of. Make

sure it's a good, clean copy and keep it in good shape for later use. I keep all my master copies in plastic slips in a 3-ring binder. Be sure to have white-out with you while doing this. There are usually lines that show up where pages have been laid and need to be cleaned up for your master. Also make sure that your each side of your master are the same (tops and bottoms match), this is from personal experience when half my comic was done upside down. When you are done printing it is time to fold and staple your book. Copy shops will normally do this for you (charging around \$.25 to \$.75 per book). But it is cheaper to do it yourself. A book stapler will come in handy, most copy shops have them, but if not, you can get one for about \$30 at any office supply shop. This is a necessity if you are going to be doing a lot of books. It's worth it.

— ALL ARTWORK BY N-HIELEY





First, slide your book in and staple it. Usually 2 staples down the spine will work just fine. Next, fold your book in half and your done. If you don't want to staple your book you can tie it with string, dental floss, etc. there are a lot of ways to bound a book. Rivots, metal rings (like in a 3-ring binder), safety pins, you name it. Get creative. Covers can be done in many ways also. You can use regular weight paper or cardstock (in various colors). You can stencil your cover with spraypaint (I suggest using cardstock when doing this). You can also silkscreen covers, make them out of fabric or do hand-sketched covers. The possibilities are only limited by your imagination.

More info:

Your comic can come in many sizes, but here are some of the standard sizes...

-*Mini-comic* (what most people consider the true mini-comic size): 4.5" x 5.5", your standard 8.5" x 11" piece of paper cut in half and then folded in half.

-*Digest* : 5.5" x 8.5", your standard 8.5" x 11" piece of paper folded in half

If you go through a printer they will give you a template to size your pages to.

Even more info:

Now that your book is done, what do you want to do with it? There are so many options on how to get your book into the reader's hands. Sell them to your friends. Ask your local comic,

book and records to carry them (remember that they will usually pay half of the cover price, so price accordingly). You can find distributors and see if they will pick your book up for distribution. There are a lot of mini-comic distros out there, so don't give up if you get rejected from a few. Build a website to help promote your book. Get a table at a comic convention.

Sell your books at shows (I do this with my band at our shows). Donate copies to zine libraries. Send them out for review (magazines and website reviews are great for promotion and picking up a distributor). Send it to a small press publisher and see if they would be interested in putting it out (this one is a long, tedious process, but don't let rejection letters get you down here either. I know many pro comic creators with piles of rejection letters in their basement). Just don't forget, do comics to please yourself. I can never push this point to much.

Okay...

I hope this makes sense to you. Doing it and explaining it, I've learned, are two different things. I really do hope this helps. Now go out and make a comic. I'll buy it.

-NATE

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Bad Ideas
the address is listed in the front
of this issue!!!

ZINE LIBRARIES

Denver Zine Library
POBox 13826
Denver, CO 80201
denverzinelibrary.org

MISC

digitalwebbing.com

backporchcomics.com
(Home of the small press and
alternative comics expo in
Columbus, OH)

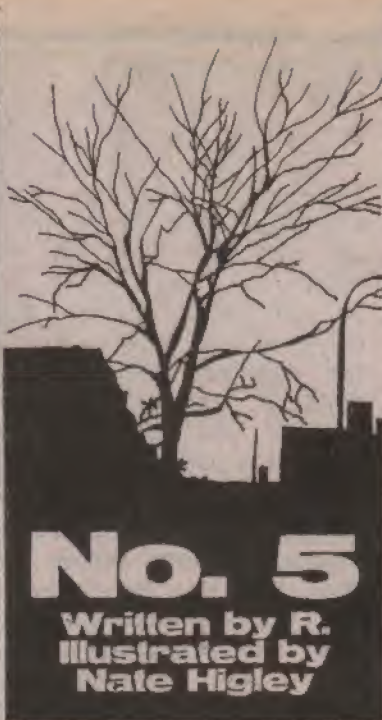
This is a very tiny, short list of stuff that I use. Search the web for more info (google "small press comics" or "self-publishing comics" to start). **Go!!! Now!!!**



CHECK
OUT MY
BOOKS
AT

**Anto
Copied
Hearts**

CLIPHEARTPRESS.COM





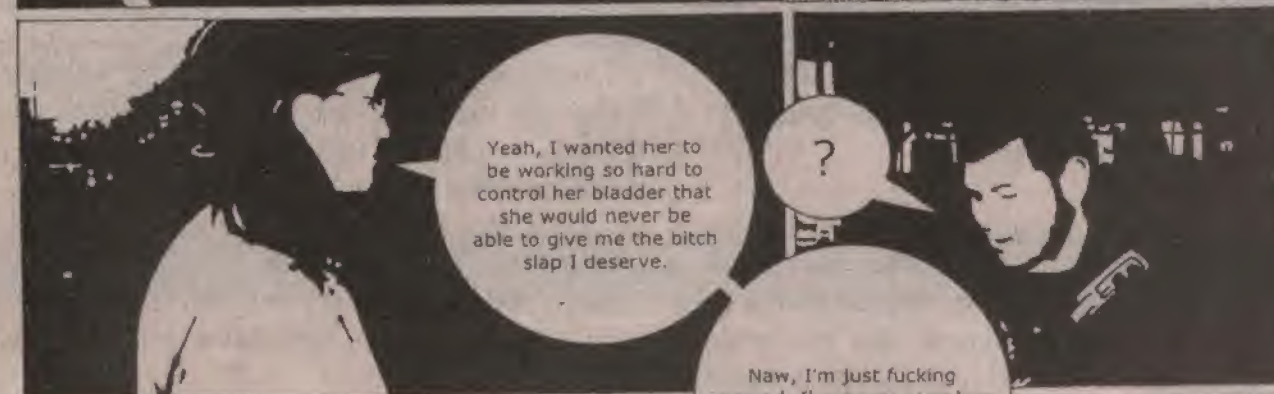
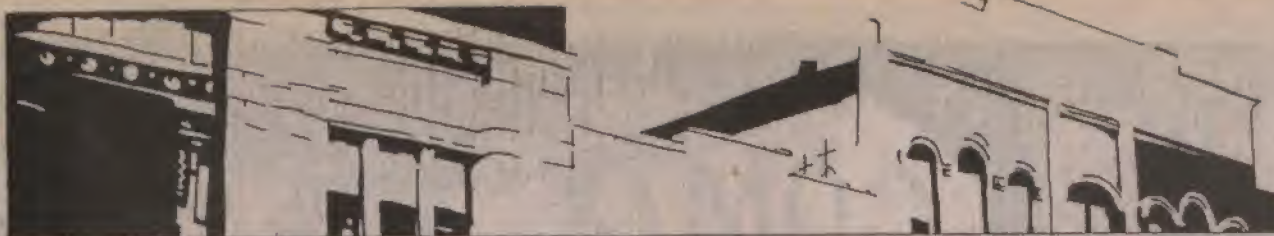


No, no. She's really quite interesting. Did you know that she walks in three circles when she gets in or out of bed?



Huh?

Yeah, fucking crazy...she also feels the urge to urinate when she sees yellow. A big posse of school buses, full of kids field-trip style, passed outside her house the other day. Ruined her new dress. I loved that dress.





Welcome back, I'm glad you're still reading. Since it's the New Year, I'm going to talk about what's to come in 2005...

First, one of my all time favorite characters is back after almost 8 years, the original Green Lantern in Green Lantern Rebirth. Written by Geoff Johns with art by Ethan Van, this is a must read for classic G.L. fans as well as new readers. It tells the classic story of Hal Jordan and how it all went down to his "death". Green Lantern Rebirth is on the DC line and for \$2.95 an issue.

Next is New Avengers. Marvel has thrown some of it's coolest characters in with this new band of heroes, including Spider-Man, Wolverine and ...a Ninja? They are also throwing in their best artist and writers, like David Finch and Brian Michael Bendis. So, give it a try. Coming Jan. 26th.

Okay, you have to check out Superman while Brian Azzarello and Jim Lee are still with it! The stories lately have been as bad ass as they can get. And with J. Lee's art it's all the better. So, if you've ever liked Supes, check this out.

If you want to see more stories with classic characters and awesome plot twists, you need to read DC's Identity Crisis. Just fucking do it, trust me.

What's new with Marvel's Ultimate Line? Something that looks well worth a glance, it's called Ultimate Secret. Like all Ultimate hot cakes, Ultimate Secret takes the best of both worlds, so to speak. They've got the awesome, old school Marvel stuff - origins, classic characters, your favorites heroes just learning to get by - combined with the elements that always make Marvel books great - great characters you've known for years, hot writers, hot artists and relevance to current events. In Ultimate Secret alone you've got the Ultimates, Ultimate X-Men, Nick Fury and now, Captain Marvel. By Warren Ellis and Steve McNiven, out on Jan 26th.

For the ending, I would like to say, give indie and self-published books a chance. Main stream books are cool, but so are mini kinko-made books! If you are interested, check out Bad Ideas issue #2, I have a whole list of really good ones in there. Please give them a chance, don't be an ass!

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sounds**

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available
and discounted

**UP
downstairs**

Next to ↓

Above ↓

Afternoon Delight - next to Vault of Midnight

THE Bums Rush

(Not)

Talking
to
COPS

I'm
walking
down
the
street,
Monday
night
Cop car
pulls up

Nothing
unusual
there,
cop
gets
out,
hes
pointing
a
GUN
IN
MY FACE

?
telling
me
to
get
ON
the
ground,
HANDS
BEHIND
MY
FACE
DOWN
IN THE
SNOW...



ARE
you
crazy
officer
?
What's
this
about
?
I'm
trying
to
be
rational



But
he's
waving
a
gun
in
my
face,
I
figure
don't
shoot
me.



Dead
man
don't
argue.
I'm
on
my
knees,
he's
yelling.



FACE
DOWN
IN
THE
SNOW,
I'm
crying
and
I comply.



He
puts
a
cuff
on,
I
start
yelling
at him.



(FACE
DOWN)
What
the
fuck,
who
are
you
looking
for?



I
live
at
1332
traver,
I'm
on
my
way
to
work,
I
have
witnesses,



I'm
looking
for
you
he-
says,
and
of
story.
He's
crying
on my back



Somewhere
in here
it seems
to kick
him,
face
down
in the
snow,
him
kneeling
on
my
back,



It
takes
in
the
high
two
punches
Mr
in
the
face



to
get
me
to
comply
I
don't
know
with
what



He
hasn't
charged
Mr
yet,
I'm
not
under
arrest



There
is
such
a
thing
as
due
process,



the
right
to
be
charged,
hear
evidence,
confront
witnesses,
on paper
anyway,



the
rule
of
law
we
have
evolved
to
protect
us
from this,

...Is
a
lawsuit
motherfucker
you
keep
going
like
this!
!!



National
curse,
shoot
first
ask
questions
later,
get
your's
in
the war out there.

YOU
ARE
SERIOUSLY
VIOLATING
MY
CIVIL
RIGHTS







How my
spirit
looks
after
3 years
with
↓



↑
Beat up
by
a
cop



the
thug.



the
papers
say
it.
every
one
knows
it.

Fight with
the police

Fitting

Burglary

5
Cops
say
I'm
a
Raging
Bull



Case
closed
except



this
funny
report
one
of
my
witness
digs
up,



that

47
has
gone
postal
before



to the
tune
of
5
mil
?



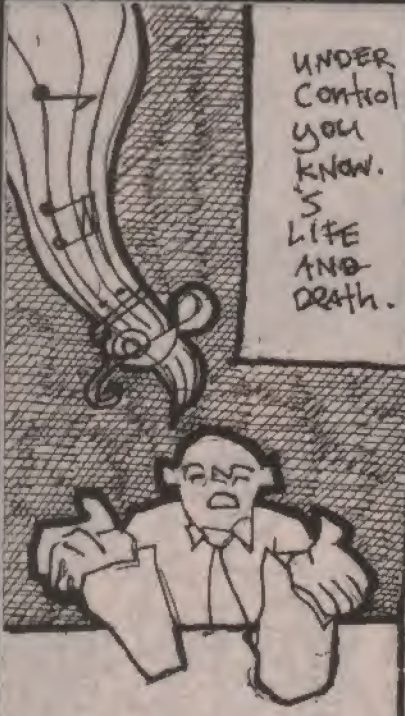
WHICH
IS
ALL
JUST
AN
INTER-
ESTING
RUMOR
EXCEPT,
WHEN
I
TALKED
TO
THE
GUY
IN
INTERNAL
AFFAIRS,
HE
WINGED,



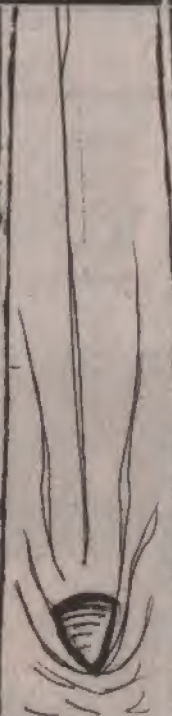
STARTED
TO
FEAR
UP
WHEN
I
SAID
THAT

47
WAS
LIKELY
TO
SHOOT
SOME-
ONE
IF
HE
DIDN'T
GET
IT.

UNDER
CONTROL
YOU
KNOW.
S
LIFE
AND
DEATH.

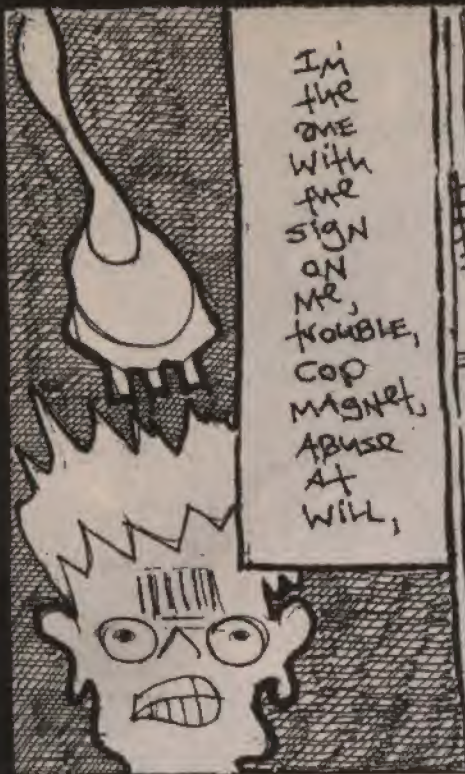


POINTING
GUNS
AT
PEOPLE
IS
VERY
BAD.
THE
POLICE
KNOW
THIS,
SOME
WHERE
IN
THE
COCKLES
OF
THEIR
HEART(S)



BUT
IN
THE
END
ONE
CHANGED
FOR
IT.
HIS
CRIME.





I'm
the
one
with
the
sign
on
me,
trouble,
cop
magnet,
abuse
at
will,



Be
in
and
out
of
jail
or
the
legal
system
in
perpetuity



No
thank
you,



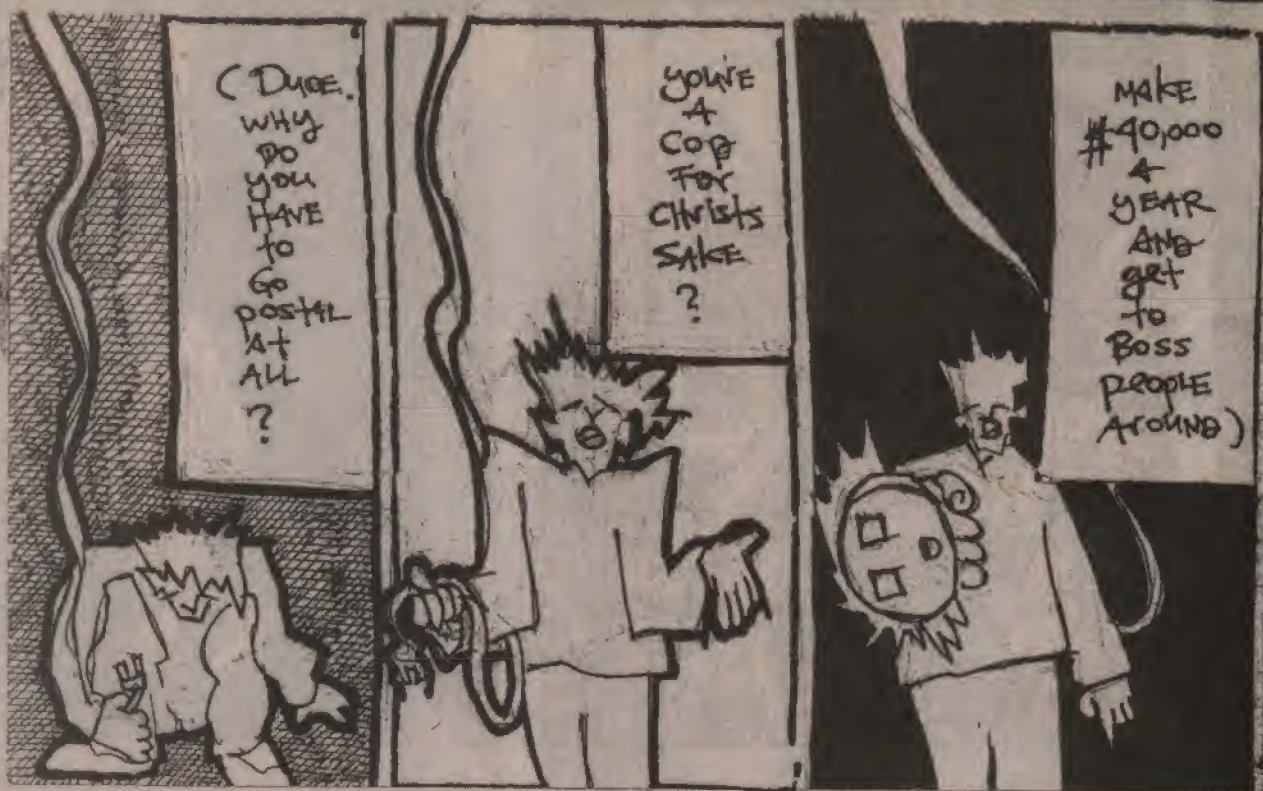
I'd
rather
just
be
leaving



Find
some
place
that
doesn't

Beat
Me
Down





(DUDE.
WHY
DO
YOU
HAVE
TO
GO
POSTAL
AT
ALL
?)

YOU'RE
A
COP
FOR
CHRIST'S
SAKE
?

MAKE
\$40,000
A
YEAR
AND
GET
TO
BOSS
PEOPLE
AROUND)





Any How.

SO I DIDN'T DO IT.
I SHOULD PROBABLY
SAY THAT FIRST OFF.

Get on the ground
AS FAST AS POSSIBLE.
these Cops ARE off
the hook. CANNOT Rely
on them to Be Civil
or Go By the Book.

I WASN'T HOMELESS
(ANYMORE) WHEN IT
HAPPENED. I WAS
DRESSED LIKE A COLLEGE
STUDENT ON MY WAY TO
WORK.....

WASN'T DISCRIMINATION.
WAS SEPT. 11.

IN THE WAKE OF WAR
ON EVERY BODY; WE ARE
ASSUMED TO BE GUILTY
UNLESS DELIVERED TO BE
OTHERWISE. START SCREAMING
FOR YOUR LAWYER (even if
you DON'T HAVE ONE.
IT DOESN'T HURT...)).
PRAY, SOMEONE FIGURES
OUT HOW TO CALL THE
DOGS BACK.

CAME OUT OF IT WITH
A DISORDERLY PERSON
CHARGE. I UPSIDE DOWN.
ALL I GOT TO SAY. IN
LEAVIN. TOO MANY SPIEDS
AROUND HERE

⊕.

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By M.H.

I HATE MYSELF

Why do I Have this one then?

God I Hate Guns



MY LIFE is SHIT

God, My Hair Sucks.

I should Really CLEAN The House.

This soda is good.

I should Cut My Hair.

Maybe NOT



-HISTORY-

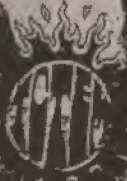
CORN-STOCK? SOUNDS GOOD!!!

III

FRIDAY THE 13th 6:00 P.M. SHARP!

☆ STARRING:

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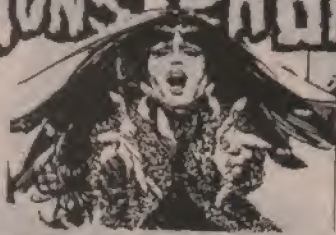
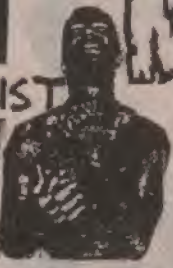


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L
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O'HARE
2/8/96

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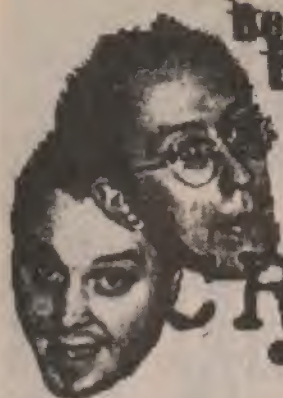
10:00 PM

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**Benter
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CROSSWORD!

Across

2. Sistier city with a penis.
4. Greasy spoon hangout
5. Villain from "Mad Max".
9. Local dive.
11. These can be found on the sidewalk.
12. One of Cricket's piercings.
15. Asian guerillas or locl part store, Abbrv.
16. Giant Japanese robot
18. Anti-baby pill.
19. a.k.a. Miller house
20. Redd and Sweeny
21. A yummy 40oz.
22. Elegant five-piece

Down

1. Scary 80's singer
3. Taste the rainbow
5. All ages venue
6. Politically charged lyricist from the Percep-tionists.
7. The new hippies.
8. Robotic prole enter-tainers from 1984
10. This can be hard to meet.
12. A musical fruit.
13. Evil genius behind W.
14. Short-lived crazy punkers.
16. They want to "Bomb the Hills" your friends.
17. Free to hop on.

Stumped? Answer key here next issue. Questions? Comments? Wanna see your word in the next crossword? email benter@thehdb.com

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and
Daisy
May**

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with
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#1 Shi-Nei	102603	#27 Forward	..	61204
#2 Sexy	.	102603	#28 State	..	61204
#3 Onion Flavored rings	...	102603	#29 Hairy Drain Babies	62004
#4 Versificators	12564	#30 Death in Custody	62004
#5 Bantha Fodder	13104	#31 Forca Macabre	62004
#6 State	13104	#32 Hot New Mexicans	...	62104
#7 New Crime icon	..	2704	#33 Carre Nations	...	62104
#8 Bantha Fodder	2704	#34 Bury the Living	...	62104
#9 Hairy Drain Babies	2704	#35 insurgent	...	62104
#10 Shi-Nei	2704	#36 One Reason	...	62104
#11 One inch punch	32504	#37 Wato No Shukyo	72604
#12 Pork Fist	32504	#38 War cry	72604
#13 the Nothing	4904	#39 State	72604
#14 Black tent	4904	#40 Live bait	8404
#15 Sakh	4904	#41 Morris	8404
#16 the stay at home runaways	...	41704	#42 Hairy Drain Babies	8404
#17 the Book was Better	...	41704	#43 Terrible twins	81104
#19 Glaris	...	41704	#44 Son of shit wolf	81104
#18 Rome for a day	...	41704	#45 ^{the last 3 bands of the} _{first day of the 3rd punk week}	...	81104
#20 Funeral for Rose water	5604	#46 Jacked up zeros	...	81404
#21 Iron Lung	5604	#47 Vivisick	...	81404
#22 Threatener	5604	#48 Threatner	81404
#23 Spit for athena	...	5704	#49 Up rising	82404
#24 the teeth	5704	#50 Calumet Hecla	82404
#25 Hairy Drain Babies	5704	#51 Sakh	82404
#26 Night Bringer	61204			

To order CDs, please send \$5 cash or check made out to Christina Lee, to:
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LOCAL MUSIC REVIEWS

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AT 807 N. MAIN ST. ANN ARBOR
MICHIGAN, 48104

New Crime Icons S/T (7")

This is an amazing record. New Crime Icons play manic hardcore with the intensity of bands like Aus Rotten, World Burns To Death or Oi Polloi. Seven songs of pure angst (and I don't mean hot topic teenage full of angst bullshit) that tears and your heart and mind. If I wasn't pissed off at our government enough before this, I'm fucking enraged now. Put down your I'm too cool to care lo-fi garage rock 45's and get this. "come and join my protest/ fuck it, let's start tonight/ targets are everywhere/ revolution is in the air". Seriously the most brilliant record I've heard in a long time. NH \$3ppd

Don't Fuck Around Records 7649 South Indian Lake Dr. Vicksburg MI 49097

Säh, "11/03" CD,

11/03, is the third full-length album from Ishpeming's surrealist rock group Säh. Self produced and manufactured, the CD comes in a plastic sleeve with a hand silk-screened cover inside. The photocopied liner notes have cool artwork on them. Like a drawing of a stomach and esophagus with legs swallowing a doll.

The first time I saw Säh was in a small cinderblock room inside of the now demolished Technology Center. Despite the horrible echo in the place, their two drummers (yes, two) played with such intensity and finesse that I had no problem distinguishing between the rhythms. What Baroque composers did for counterpoint melody, Säh is doing for counterpoint rhythms. For example, at the beginning of "Close to the Hair Natural", the guitarist starts strumming chords but keeps the accents ambiguous. When the drums come in, one drummer is accenting the first and fourth beat while the second drummer is accenting the first and third beat of every other measure. Musical time, textured in such ways is a reminder that music is still filled with endless possibilities. Throughout the nine songs on 11/03, you carried through numerous musical lines that weave in and out and through each other like a well-made tapestry. The occasional discordant or noisy phrases seem to show you the reverse side of the tapestry, a confused mass of color and knots. After seeing that, the orderly musical colors seem more vibrant. For anyone interested in independent music, be it rock, hip-hop, punk, etc, I highly recommend this album for its creative exploration of complex rhythm, melody, and harmony. **RRR**

E-mail Säh for show info and to order CDs at: sahbulate@mail.com

Superbowl Party, "I Am Slowly Coming To Terms With The Fact That I Am Frequently Wrong." CD

There are 5 tracks listed on the back of the CD jacket, but when I popped this in, there were 6 tracks. Bonus! Actually, I think this CD would only appeal to fans of noise music and a certain brand of slow jammin' emo. The disk starts off with several metallic sounding samples and the sound that a turntable makes at the end of a record (ba-bump, ba-bump). After that, most of the songs have an out of tune guitar with guitar solos that sound like they were overdubbed with the same guitar. All of the songs are slow, and all have a lethargic ambience that I think comes from the droning keyboard chords. In song #5, "Sundown for Big Business", I almost got exited. In a frenzy, the guitarist slid up and down the neck suggesting the beginning of a fast tempo rock song. Unfortunately, that idea was not expounded upon and a slow chord progression was set up that did not change throughout the whole six minute song. Even if you like very slow noisy music, listen to this in the store before you buy it.

RRR

Casanova Temptations Edutainment Consortium, PO Box 7814 Ann Arbor, MI 48107

V/A "Antronnylon" (cass)

A comp from around '97 with sixteen Ann Arbor bands and one band from Maryland. Most of the bands on this comp are really good (Flashpapr, Nadsat Nation, Blue Onion and Mazinga). Some are really great (like Chore). Okay, I really like listening to most of this comp (except for the awful track by Poignant Plecostomus). This takes me back to middle-late 90's A2, when the sound of local punk music was more eclectic. Unlike today with all the bad emo (ugh), motown wanna-be's and "I'm so fucking tuff" hardcore (the opposite of quality hardcore bands that fucking rule, like Threatner). Josh really hates it when I go off on tangents and stray from the review. So... good A2 comp. Worth getting, if you don't already have it. NH \$2ppd

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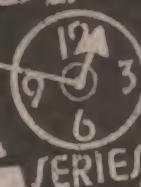
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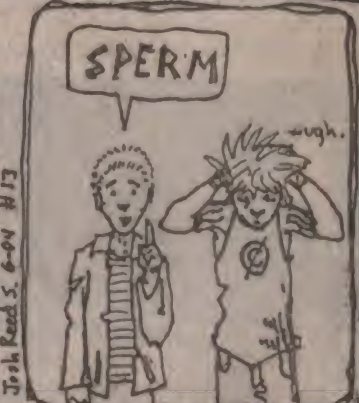
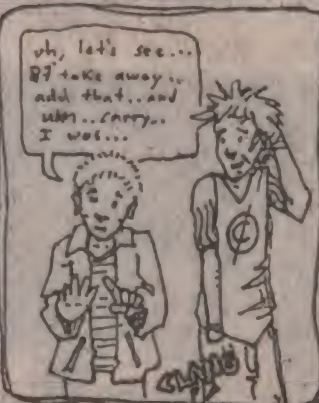
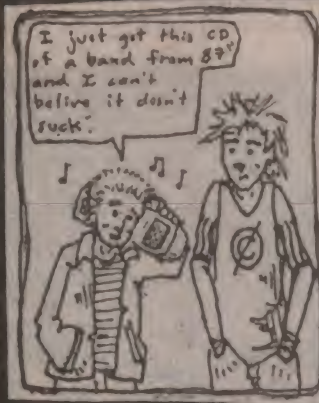
BORAX

out of print '90's

V/A "SIFTING"

unreleased
comp '96/'97ish

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UNRELEASED, OUT OF PRINT,
LIVE AND DEMO RECORDINGS.
BASICALLY, A WAY FOR PEOPLE
TODAY TO HEAR AGED BANDS
THAT ARE NO LONGER AROUND
AND WHOSE RECORDINGS ARE
NO LONGER AVAILABLE AND
OR WERE NEVER RELEASED.
THIS PROJECT NEEDS YOUR HELP!
IF YOU HAVE MUSIC BY ANY
OF THE BANDS LISTED, PLEASE
CONTACT US. AUDIO OR VIDEO
RECORDINGS, ANY FORMAT WILL
WORK. THANKS ALOT!!!

No!No! records

HEY
LOOK

CONTACT: (734) 327-3783
(517) 712-4020
minivansarepunk@yahoo.com

807 NORTH MAIN ANN ARBOR MI

48104